The New York Times Book Review

Section 3

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VAN LOON DISCOVERS THE BIBLE

The Story With Pictures and Some Music by the Author

A Review by
THOMAS L. MASSON

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE By Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright. $5.

MR. VAN LOON begins his book with "Dear Boys." It is a book of Bible adventures, with Bible properties and words, pictures and some music by the author. Most of us who have been to school are doubtless familiar with an exercise in memory and imagination, which consists of reading a story and then rewriting it in your own words just as near as you can get to the original. That is what this book is—a book for boys; a just-as-good-as Bible.

Probably not with the slightest intention, either to supplement the publicity department or in any way to intimidate or degrade the publishers, the author writes his own blurb on the flaps—a practice to be cordially recommend to authors. In his blurb Mr. Van Loon scents trouble afar. Vague fears haunt him. "I am a little afraid of it," he declares, "but not for any tangible reason." He disclaims profound theological knowledge. He declares that he is leaving the Bible most severely alone. He has no system. He even records his respect for our great-grandfathers. He flatters them by intimating that, amid the welter of modern translations, the King James version is too good to improve upon. To display such humility as this, right at the start, is almost to disarm any conscientious—but polite and diplomatic—reviewer. It is essentially a listen-my-children-and-you-shall-hear book, just as one would like to tell it to one's own boys. And the blurb has the merit of consistency, for the whole book is an advertisement for the Bible. As an advertisement, it leaves but one thing possibly to be desired, and that is, the incentive after reading it to read the Bible itself. Mr. Van Loon, in addition to his other fears, is likewise timid on this point. "I might ask you to read the original," he ventures, "but I am not certain that you would." He does not wish any boy to feel as timid about his book as he feels about it himself. They have been "frightened away" by the real Bible, of our great-grandfathers, but here at least is one that no boy need balk at. Also, you cannot be educated unless you know these Bible stories.

As an advertisement—aside from the detail mentioned—the book has the proper pitch. It is persistently and pungently paragraphic. Here are a few examples:

Of Goliath:

> Quick as lightning David was upon him.
> He grabbed the giant's sword.
> He hacked at him with unexpected violence.
> With a single blow he cut off his monstrous head.
> He picked it up and carried it back to the jubilant soldiers.
> The Philistines fled and David was hailed as the Saviour of the country.

Of Ecclesiastes, or "the Preacher":

> The good die.
> The wicked die.
> They all die.
> What does it all mean? The Righteous suffer persecution. The ungodly gather riches. Is there no reason in this human misery?
> Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

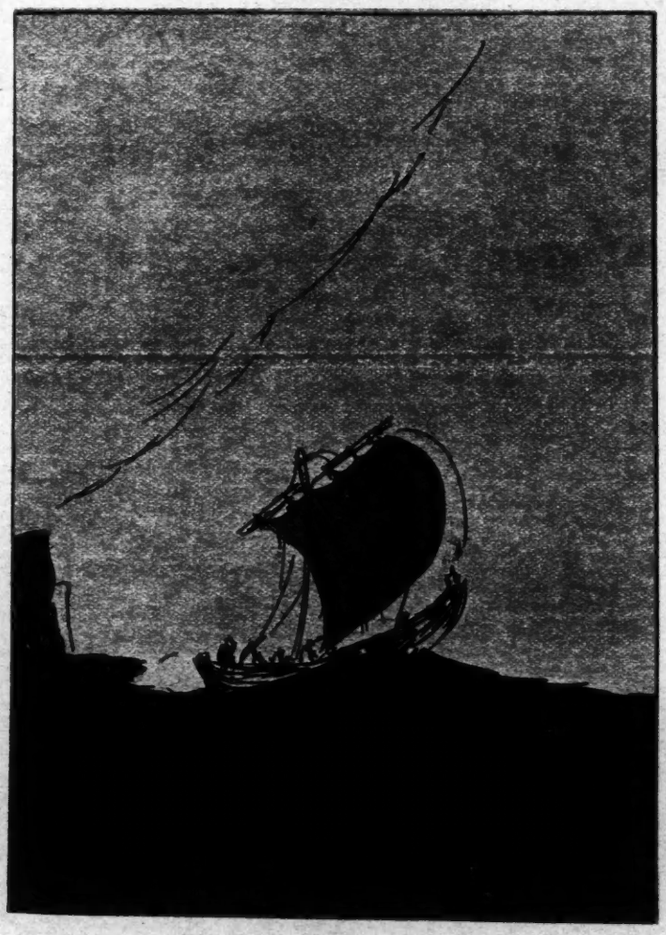
Of the woman suffrage motif in Solomon's Song:

> Woman is coming into her own.
> She is recognized as the equal of man.
> She is his companion.
> She inspires his love and she receives it.
> Upon the foundation of mutual love and respect and affection a new world was soon to be built.

Of Jehu's justly celebrated temple conference:

> The house of Amri had been exterminated.
> The Baal priests were gone.
> Jehu ruled as King of Israel and Elisha rejoiced.
> The triumph of Jehovah was complete.

Much of his phrasing is so ingenious that one becomes curious to know how these old Bible characters would feel about it, if they could see themselves as Mr. Van Loon sees them. There was jazz in those days. There were cymbals and hautboys. Poor Tom Paine once remarked that he had just been reading the Bible over again, and it was much worse than he thought. But it was not our jazz. In our Van Loon version Lot's wife abandons her old habit of looking back. Instead, "She peeped just once." A mess of pottage becomes "a bowl of stew." This is a fine rendering for boys, for it is well known that at camps bowls of stew are no rarity, and all boys will have no difficulty in understanding. Joseph is thrown into the pit "howling and fighting," thus losing most of that youthful dignity with which we have been accustomed to think of him. The affair with Potiphar's wife, who thought him "much better company than her own dull Egyptian husband," is concluded by the discreet statement that Joseph "kept at a respectful distance." We are told that "Moses decided to be the Saviour of his own people." Mr. John Sumner, in the midst of his vast labors, may take it as a kindness to be informed that here is a Bible he can overlook. It is perfectly safe, 100 per cent. American, 100 per cent. pure. What, for instance, could be a more delicate touch, when referring to sister Rahab, than to state that she "was not particular in the choice of her friends"? And could the most captious critic object to the disposition of that diamond in the rough, Samson, as one who "was forever falling in love with this, that and the other woman"? The tone with which the friendship of David and Jonathan is treated is revealed by the phrase, "Jonathan felt terribly upset by what had just happened and felt that he ought to speak to David and explain things." They then "met for the last time and bade each other an affectionate farewell." We can almost hear David saying to Jonathan: "Well, so long, Bud. Me for the life of a cave man."



St. Paul Crosses the Hellespont.

Mr. Van Loon does not seem to have much more use for King Solomon than did H. G. Wells in his "Outline." Between the two of them little is left of the wisest guy in Christendom. Wells accuses him of being extravagant (How could he help it?) and flouts his all-around matrimonial experience by stating that he married "widely." Van Loon says he was "exceedingly bright but not rash," that "he spent money like water" and that "not even the follies of his old age could quite deprive him of the affection of his subjects." Both agree within five feet (which is something, anyway!) about the width of his temple, a small town village church structure not over thirty-five feet wide.

The Book of Job is dismissed in 216 words and the Psalms in 304. Jesus is described as "very faithful in His religious duties." "He was not like other people." "His heart was filled with love for His fellow-men."

As for the miracles, Mr. Van Loon, throwing aside his initial timidity and taking on a true diplomatic lustre, waves them away with a beautiful gesture after stating as a preliminary that

> In China, in Persia, in India and in Egypt, wherever we turn, we meet with strange records of supernatural feats which have been common among the earliest inhabitants of those far-away lands.

He then blandly remarks:

> This proves that the need for an imaginary world wherein the impossible becomes the self-evident is very general and not restricted to a particular country or race.

He might also have added "or church."

One is tempted to describe this book in the words of the small boy who, when chided because he had not washed his face before going to a party, replied, "But isn't it an informal party?" Yet can it be dismissed with the few "samples" here given in any such informal manner? Must we say of it, in the words of the polite publicity man, that "it serves a useful purpose," that "it will stimulate the youth of the land to better things"?

The author (born in Rotterdam) is not so widely known as Professor of History in Antioch College as he is known as the author of "The Story of Mankind," a very popular historical work which came out two years ago and has had a large sale, although criticized severely for its inaccuracies.

He declares of this present book, "The Story of the Bible": "I have written it because I think you ought to know more about the Bible than you do." This to the boys. He makes it plain that whatever information or lack of it he has to impart is all derived from the Bible itself. He does not put any guarantee back of it. He praises the workmanship, but leaves us in doubt as to the maker.

In the present instance the author of our book is not so much concerned with the maker or the original as he is to advertise it, to have the boys know more "about" it, and to make it clear that he is only discussing its machinery and not its maker. He does not even vouch for the accuracy of his great model. He states: "A little Bible, bought for a dime, will provide you with all the material I used."

If the reviewer may be permitted to change his simile, he is not unlike a man who advertises a particular make of motor car. His advertisement consists of taking the machine apart and of holding up such parts of it as he thinks the "boys" will like to look at, in order to let them know about that model. It isn't a Mohammedan model or a Buddhist; it's a Jewish-Christian model, and he describes whole groups of nuts and bolts, flashing them before the eyes in glittering sentences. He "takes down" the Bible thus, selects for his purpose what he likes, and leaves us with much the same feeling that we have for an accomplished prestidigitator. It is a fascinating performance, leaving us in doubt as to where the reality leaves off and the illusion begins.

Here, on page 400, is Mr. Van Loon's account of the crucifixion of Jesus:

> "They watched Him as He dragged Himself and His Cross up the steep path of the low hill." And on the next page is an outline drawing depicting the scene, "The Road to Golgotha," in which Jesus is pictured as bearing His own cross. If, then, one cares to expend a humble dime on a New Testament (which, including Mr. Van Loon's book, would make in all $5.10) and read through Matthew until he came to the twenty-seventh chapter, he would read verse

(*Continued on Page 14*)

Gentlemen, the Queen!

Marie of Rumania Writes Two Story Books About a Princess and Valkyr

A Review by
H. I. BROCK

THE STORY OF NAUGHTY KILDEEN. By Marie, Queen of Rumania. Illustrated by Job. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE VOICE ON THE MOUNTAIN. A Story for Those Who Understand. By Marie, Queen of Rumania. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THERE is a divinity doth hedge a Queen—especially a Queen renowned as the most beautiful in Europe. Upon that stage which is all the world hers is a part beloved of the fierce white spotlight. Marie of Rumania (who likes to think of herself as Mary of England) has enjoyed exceptional advantages in what may be called the Royal Art Theatre School. Cast by nature and fortune for romantic, stellar parts, she has played these parts to the Queen's taste—her own—and to the considerable admiration of the spectators. And she has enjoyed playing them as only the born actress may enjoy her own parade before the populace. Royalty—a decayed employment, to be sure—is yet one of the oldest, as it is one of the most exacting of the branches of the theatrical profession. It is one which plays long runs to vast audiences and requires for the successful player an efficient and constant sense of dramatic values, either in himself or in his stage manager—Prime Minister, Grand Vizier or confidential valet, whatever the title.

Queen Marie has been eminently successful as a Queen. She has been rewarded with enlarged boundaries and generous loans for her small and difficult realm in the troubled East of Europe. She has gone an appreciable way toward rivaling her august grandmother, Queen Victoria, as a royal matchmaker. Considering the lamentably reduced number of royalties left to match with, it is a long way. Her sense of the dramatic values is unfailing. And it is notoriously her own—not supplied by any Minister or favorite.

Now, the writing of story books may be a business—as with Mr. John Galsworthy or Mr. Harold Bell Wright. Or it may be an avocation. Not even all professional literary people can write story books. A distinguished musical critic in this city (celebrated also as a yachting expert) wrote a few years ago one of the worst novels ever. And just the other day, in this same metropolis, an admired dramatic critic—once a possible proficient in the lore of baseball—was guilty of a novel which fell lamentably short of the average. Both have been forgiven.

Like them, the Queen of Rumania is a story-book writer on the side. Like them, she should not be too severely criticized for failure to reach the heights—or even the professional level. But, thanks to that trained dramatic sense which her regular line of business requires, Queen Marie is able to put into her story books something which each of the eminent literary gentlemen so anonymously cited failed to put into theirs — constructive imagination. True make-believe.

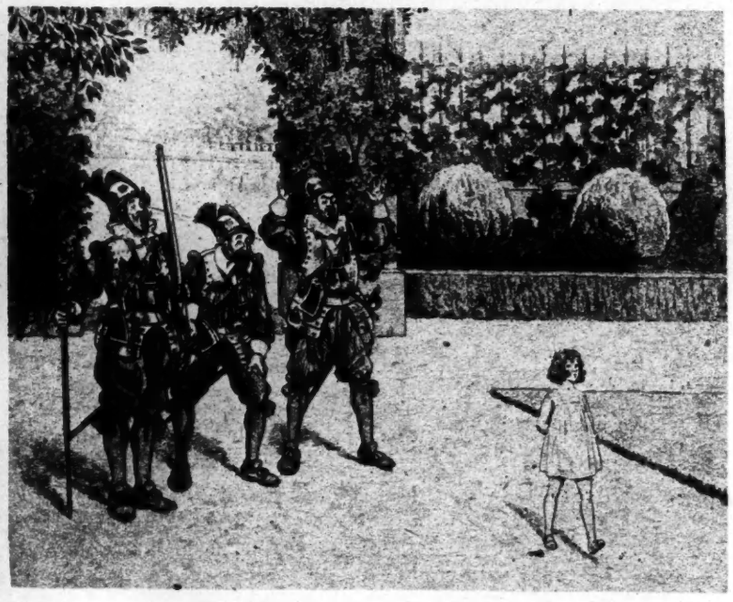
Her Majesty's story of a naughty little girl—a Princess, naturally and excusably—is not, perhaps, a particularly good story. But at least it really is a story. And because her Majesty has therein dramatized herself—her childish self as she likes to imagine it—the narrative has elements, if not of grandeur, at any rate of life—even a charmed life. Her Majesty's story of a nightriding Brünnhilde of the mountains, who is at the same time a sort of transfigured Red Cross nurse, is not a particularly good story—rather a long way off from it. But it holds after its rather naïve fashion a quality of romance.

Because the royal amateur has in it again dramatized herself—her grown-up self. Is she not a woman made for great loves, yet devoted to an exalted service, and therefore capable—up to a certain point—of the sublimity of sacrifice? And is not the call of life strong within her body of blond beauty? Her miracle working heroine, who heals with her spear and rides a stallion shod with fire—who loves and is greatly loved and loves again—is she not such a woman as such a Queen might be if queenly dreams came true!

Her Majesty also has been ardently admired. She has gone about beautifully arrayed as a Red Cross angel succoring the sick and wounded. Everybody knows that she sits handsomely in the saddle and rides hard and fast. Does that not make her of the kin of the Valkyr?

To be sure, the story is a bit confused, the mysticism is sickled o'er with sentimentality; the characters are apt to be more loquacious than intelligent. But the same might be said of Wagner as a librettist. Doubtless, the Queen does owe something to old Wagner, something also to Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

"Kildeen climbed on to one of the seats against the wall, so that her head was on a level with the bird."



"To the shocked horror of sentries on guard!"

If her lofty theme (or dream) is too much for her, and leaves the reader a bit flat, it is to be suspected that perhaps Queen Marie is really after all more of the earth than the Empyrean. The story of the bad little Princess is much better reading and much more real, in spite of a most fantastic plot which involves sending her young Highness to a correctional institution run by a flock of eagles on the top of a tall tower. Eagles are the emblems of Emperors and very proper to be employed in disciplining royal offspring.

Until the eagles took her in hand Queen Marie's little Princess really was a very bad little girl indeed. Her royal parents were elderly and foolish and she was dotingly indulged. Also her hair was curly and the color of polished mahogany and her eyes were emerald green. At 4 years old she leaped from her carriage of state (drawn by six piebald ponies ridden by three small negro postillions all in green) and made a raid on the apple woman's stall in the market place.

The apple woman, who was cantankerous and inclined to be bolshevik, got after the small royal robber with her broomstick and a fearful battle followed in which large red apples served as hand grenades and all the little common street boys as well as the little negroes joined in. The apple woman's nose was damaged, the Princess's frock ruined, her nurse reduced to tears. And that was only the beginning. The young Princess grew worse and worse as she grew older.

At 7 years she indulged freely in bad language, which she boasted she learned from papa. She threw her supper out of the palace window, to the dismay of innocent pedestrians. She slapped the footman and put out her tongue at the King in public. "One day she actually walked about the garden with nothing on but her little chemise, to the shocked horror of the sentries on guard." So it was set down in Queen Marie's own words. Honi soit.

Nor was that the worst. "One disastrous morning she ran away with her father's crown and hid it in the park, so that the King was obliged to remain at home, being quite unable to show himself uncrowned before his people."

Queen Marie pursues this subject relentlessly:

"The crownless King," she says, "sat in his chamber and there were actually hot tears running down his cheeks; he felt so helpless and the loss of his crown was a cruel humiliation, especially as he had been snubbed by his daughter. When he had tried to use his authority the child had simply replied that if a King could not be a King without a crown on his head, then he had better not be a King at all."

At this point both Queen Marie and her youthful heroine might be suspected of bolshevist leanings. It was after this crown-stealing episode that recourse was had to the eagles.

Somebody once said that her Majesty of Rumania "in writing books in English has accomplished one of the miracles of her life." "For," he added, "she does not completely master the English language, nor any other for that matter." The sound of the words is a cruel sound—and one may guess that the intention was not kind. But who does "completely master" the English language—after Shakespeare? Does even Shakespeare do it? After all, too much is not to be expected even of Queens, and the charity that covers a multitude of literary peccadilloes may be extended even to the most spectacular granddaughter of the widow of Windsor.

The pictures that go with the little Princess's story are, some of them, very pleasant pictures, indeed. The Queen did not make the pictures though she paints as well as writes

"It is many a day since I have seen you, Mrs. Populi, and may I ask if you are very well?"

Roosevelt as Champion of the American Multitude

"Men Have Fought as Stoutly as He and More Wisely—Seldom So Consistently for the Right"—Lord Charnwood

A Review by
HENRY B. FULLER

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Lord Charnwood. 212 pp. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.50.

ONE by one, the major American worthies are coming to be marshaled intelligibly by foreigners for foreign understanding. By the English more particularly; the events of the past decade have convinced them that it is desirable, even necessary, to know us better. They are bestirring themselves to profit by a clearer apprehension of our present and of our more immediate past. John Drinkwater, working in one medium, has concentrated on Lincoln and more recently on Lee. And now Lord Charnwood, working in another, follows up his own interpretation of Lincoln with a brief study of Theodore Roosevelt.

Lord Charnwood appears to have a keen interest in American life and civilization and a considerable measure of sympathy for it. Perhaps all this is the old Anglo-Saxon love of exploration and adventure in another form. Possibly he has been actuated in large part by a desire to escape the rather stale conventions of English society and politics and by the prompting to chance things, observingly, in a newer land, with its fresher way of life. It may have been this trend of mind and of preference which led him to spend a season as a very young man in Iowa and to make this country a second visit some five years ago.

His life of Roosevelt is not in any strict sense a companion to his life of Lincoln. In the first place, it is much shorter—hardly more than a third the length of the other. His view of Lincoln is long and leisurely; his view of Roosevelt is swift and cursory; the slower march of the sixties has turned into a quickstep. In the second place, the present work deals with matters recent and sometimes still controversial, rather than with matters which the flight of time has placed beyond disagreement and dispute. The book is highly succinct, yet contrives to combine the specific with the broadly generalized; and it is careful and cautious, as befits the outsider treading amid alien concerns. It is essentially a study, a considered judgment; not a eulogy. The author states specifically that when he undertook the work he demanded that he should be amply "briefed"—in the British way of speaking—with "the worst that had been said of Roosevelt." The intention throughout is to be judicial and impartial, yet a warm interest in his sitter and a kindly disposition toward America in general tend to offset a temperamental coolness and calm.

Lord Charnwood's method is declared in his opening chapters on Roosevelt's boyhood and education, on his tentatives East and West toward a career, and on his early experiences as a rancher in Dakota; and it is continued satisfactorily and consistently throughout. He deals broadly in general considerations, descending to particulars only when particulars are needed to illustrate and reinforce. Yet he propels his theme into the penumbra of implications and interrelations. It takes more time to write a short book than a long book, and the author has taken the time.

The early days, then, are not lingered over unduly; is there not the subject's own autobiography, which "treats of them in a pleasant and sensible fashion"? The point made is that as the life began so it continued—a career essentially unified and fairly implicit in its beginnings. Roosevelt's passages-at-arms with that redoubtable ranchman, the "almost incredible Marquis de Mores," are slid over rapidly in half a dozen lines; cannot the whole story be read in detail in Hagedorn's "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands"? His early endeavors to "try to help the cause of better government in New York," involving relations with Kelly and Costello, with "prizefighter friends or with heroes among the police"—all these serve briefly to drive home the point (an important one in Roosevelt's career) that "little good can be done for the mass of mankind by the most enlightened and high-minded if they cannot make man-to-man friendships," without undue "respect of persons." What the previous book said of Lincoln may almost be applied here to Roosevelt. "He was a citizen of that far country where there is neither aristocrat nor democrat . . . No political theory stands out from his words, but they show a most unusual sense of the possible dignity of common men and common things." About Roosevelt directly he says on this point:

> Of the more intellectual and refined criticism of him, I feel, to speak frankly, the prevailing inhumanity, the failure to understand those simple qualities which go to the hearts of common people, and of which the full possession is greatness, whether genius accompanies it or not.

The country's domestic affairs that occupied Roosevelt during his early years in the Presidency are grouped in a single chapter. This is preceded by a concise but able account of the general conditions, social, political and economic, which had come to prevail at the time of the death of McKinley. The century then just closed ended one period and opened another, with a more mathematical exactitude than "periods" commonly observe. As seen by Lord Charnwood, a movement displaying itself at first in the "adventures of rugged and frugal pioneers" culminated

> in the colossal performances of financial princes, sometimes invincibly unscrupulous, sometimes gigantically munificent, or sometimes both. In its earlier stages it is called the winning of the West; its concluding stage was the fashioning of a huge, amorphous dominion into an economic organism, richer far than any before it. Its pioneers belong to the past; so may possibly, before long, its princes. A great multitude of plain people, reasonably prosperous but not enchained by material prosperity, established over a wide region which the barrier of the Alleghany Mountains may be said to veil from many eyes in Europe, and, perhaps, even some in the Eastern States, is its most enduring and distinguished result.

Theodore Roosevelt.

From a Lithograph on Stone by S. J. Woolf.

Thus the author prepares to present Roosevelt as the champion of this "multitude," the crusader against the trusts and the "malefactors of great wealth." So definite a champion must have a definite antagonist. Lord Charnwood utilizes the "once famous Senator Mark Hanna," a "potentate who . . . was reputed to hold his party in the hollow of his hand," a "type of those Republicans whom Roosevelt respected and disagreed with." Hanna is seen as another Sir Robert Walpole. The Republican Party had saved the Union and business had prospered under it; the party must win and win at all costs. There is a real analogy, it is maintained, between "the English Whig Minister, with the exiled Stuart dynasty still threatening, and this Republican stalwart." Discrimination has its day in court; and the co-operation of Roosevelt and Hanna in the conciliation between capital and labor is shown clearly. Such action served, at least incidentally, to bring public opinion a step forward in recognizing that labor combinations, after all, exist for the protection of very real human rights. Lord Charnwood is fond of parenthetical qualifications, and his "after all" has a touch of that delicate discrimination which many others of them possess.

The author, keen about Roosevelt's aggressive attitude toward the trusts, pauses on his hero's reluctance, almost equally marked, to take up the tariff. He represents that Roosevelt confessedly and very naturally knew little about this economic question, though he came to see, later, how unsatisfactory it was that tariffs should be settled by the process of barter between powerful interests in committees. Though he took advice on revision, he came to the "deliberate conclusion that he could not hope to carry his party in any handling of the matter that was worth attempting." It is the author's opinion that there can be no question that he was right in this—that there was not at that moment, or thereafter while he remained President, anything to make immediate agitation of this question his proper course.

In the field of foreign relations Lord Charnwood's activities are almost as comprehensive as were those of Roosevelt himself. He defends Roosevelt's course at Panama. He approves the procedure of the Alaska Commission. He finds us rather self-righteous in our view of ourselves in the Philippines. He is appreciative of Roosevelt's mediation between Russia and Japan—pausing, however, to point out that in his preliminary feelers the only noticeable help he found in the important neutral countries came from the German Emperor, whose aid was zealous and valuable, "and of whom his critical and humorous estimate became tinged with real gratitude." International relations seldom disturb the writer's equanimity. Solely is he fluttered by Cleveland's action in Venezuela, where "some exercise of elementary courtesy" might have been employed. But he comforts himself later by Roosevelt's action in the case of the same country, when Dewey was sent to West Indian waters, the German Ambassador recalled, and the grandiloquent Kaiser himself—a man "whose ever surprising and foundationless character" Roosevelt read "far better than any one else, and with equitable kindness"—was brought to arbitration.

Roosevelt's decision to run against Taft in 1912 receives due attention. "In the fight now beginning he showed what some of those who loved him best imputed to him, a certain 'ruthlessness.' But it was fired by no petty malice and it issued in no lingering rancor; it was just the Berserker's entire determination that the antagonist present to him should go down. His was no selfish ambition, and he erred on the generous side, if he did err."

As for the Progressive Party, Roosevelt himself, in 1914, reflected that it had little real coherence. "Younger Progressives have said that it perished because the mighty issues raised by the great war overshadowed its cause." Yet it impressed its main principles upon the nation before it died.

That being so, how can one now regret what Roosevelt did? He incurred the reproach of sacrificing, to his personal ambition, the ties of party allegiance and of friendship to the high-minded statesman whom he himself had made his successor; and thereby he shook his own authority with the people at large. It is certain that he did this with his eyes open, knowing that he was injuring his own selfish interests, valuing as a condition of his future influence that very confidence in his disinterestedness which he was in part sacrificing, but judging upon the whole that loyalty to the causes which he had made his own required him to take this course at this crisis.

Roosevelt as a naturalist on his travels and as a traveler in Europe has his pages. He was always himself. At Cairo he told the inflamed Mohammedan students that anarchy and murder were not their road to freedom, and knew he was taking his life in his hands when he said so. In London he spoke freely at the Guildhall on Britain's Egyptian policy, cheerfully running the risk of having his remarks characterized as an impertinence. At Berlin he addressed an audience of patient and impatient university professors on matters within their own provinces. It may be, as Lord Charnwood implies, that when a man utters such thoughts as the occasion demands, and utters them very simply, very loud, and with immense emphasis,

(Continued on Page 19)

Hashimura Togo Addresses Hon. Editors

MORE LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY. By Wallace Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN this recent series of letters to various editors by Hashimura Togo, whom Mark Twain declared was the "dearest and sweetest and frankest and wisest and funniest and delightfulest and lovablest creation that has been added to our literature for a long time," Wallace Irwin promotes his little commentator from an American life from a sophomore to a senior. Indeed, he is now in the class with Mr. Dooley and Ring Lardner. Heretofore all his Oriental commentaries were taken as ridiculous efforts at orientation into our Occidental society, excruciatingly funny. Now he must be taken seriously. He has something to say. He has penetrated our shams and poses, our political and social forts, and has laid us bare. If only he will not go back to Japan and tell them we are "talking garbage!" We would rather he would cover us with his revolver, as he suggested doing to Mrs. Banker when, according to the books on etiquette, he was worried as to what he should do if he met her in her "robe de nightly."

As to his experiences in society when he attempted to follow those well-advertised treatises on etiquette, Togo has exposed their fallacies more than any contemporary satirist. But Togo also penetrates the shams of the "Golf Champings" when trying to serve as a "cad." Indeed, the only golf he knew was the "Golf of Mexico and the Golf of St. Lawrance," but that was sufficient. The radio fan also comes in for an incision when, accoutred with a pair of "rubber earmuffs," he listens all evening to "When the Leaves Come Tumbelling Down," sung and played all over the country by various nondescripts. On another occasion it was "The Holy City," and Togo naively asks whether New York, Baltimore, Denver or San Antonio was meant.

Probably his experience with a

"Drive" is the best evidence of his education, for he too learns that the "Object of all Drives is to Drive." The cause or the name given it is immaterial. "What's in a name, as Hon. Hughes said when he walked into a World Court and found it was a League of Nations?" Indeed Togo is no conservative. When he was haled into court for indulging in a marathon dance with his "Dolling Kiku-san" the Judge observed: "Hum! Have anybody heard anything more fool?" "I have," Togo exhaled "with dying breath"; "Hon. Wm. Jenny Bryan on Evolution."

Togo's observations on Presidential candidates are more apposite than any to date, with the possible exception of those emanating from Detroit, Mich. He is also "on to" the Hollowood crew, for he refers to an Indian Guide who lived at Hollowood at Winter and had never seen civilization. President Coolidge should consult Togo on the European situation. He is the only one who seems to know what "A Loof" means. He defines it as "something patented by Henry Crabbot Lodge." He is also the only one who seems to know why we have "Delight Saving."

The captions to each letter are addressed to Editors, choice truisms well worth the price of the book alone. The reader will find in this volume a new Togo and a new reason for an elimination of the Japanese problem.

Mr. Chesterton Pirouettes Through a Book of Essays

The English and American Countrysides Celebrated by Two "Poet-Naturalists"

A Review by
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FANCIES VERSUS FADS. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
UNTRODDEN WAYS. By H. J. Massingham. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.
THE MAGICAL CHANCE. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether in the case of certain writers inveterately given to mannerisms and habitual tricks of style any good might be done by a respectful delegation of their admirers venturing humbly to draw their attention to such spots on the sun of their greatness. It is, of course, too late for such a delegation to approach Carlyle with the suggestion that, in the interest of his high message, he should limit himself to but occasional Immensities and Eternities and try to control his addiction to such transcendental slang generally, not to speak of all the other shot-rubbish of language which too often make his pages seem like a ragbag or a junk-shop. It is too late, also, to beg Meredith and Browning more often to unbend into comprehensibility, to write more with the idea of being understood than of indulging their taste for verbal foreshortening.

But perhaps it is not too late humbly and admiringly to ask Mr. Chesterton if it is not possible for him to be—well, a little less persistently Chestertonian. Perhaps the notion is no more practical than that of a delegation approaching a leopard with the respectful suggestion that he change his spots, though how practical that delegation might be we have no means of knowing, for the plan has never, to the best of my belief, been tried. There is no telling but that it might produce very surprising results. At all events, there can be no harm in coming before Mr. Chesterton with a similar humble petition and remonstrance. We might begin with a reference much after Mr. Chesterton's own taste, and recall the memorable words in which the Young Man addressed Father William:

> And yet you persistently stand on your head—
> Do you think at your age it is right?

Mr. Chesterton has it in him to be a very useful member of society. In our present chaos, our pandemonium of dangerous humbug, he holds fast by certain eternal verities which we shall let go at our peril, and his stalwart common sense on most subjects is too valuable for us to have it obscured by his indulgence in a habit of literary acrobatics which were amusing at first and did good service in attracting an audience, but which are neither as amusing nor as useful as they were. Persisted in, they are coming to make him seem too much of an intellectual contortionist, and too often we cannot see the wood for the contortions of its trees. This is unjust both to himself and to us. For he has some very true things to say, some important points of view to present. If, like the juggler in the fable, he had no other means by which to express the faith that is in him, we should be content for him to spread his little carpet and go through his antics before the shrines to which he would do reverence, and to which he would persuade us to bend the knee. But his literary stock-in-trade is not so limited, and he might well reserve his bag of tricks, his pantomimic talents, for his fantastic stories and his delightfully preposterous verse. Not that we would desire him entirely to exclude them from his more serious argument. Far from it. That would be to throw away a very valuable weapon in the warfare in which he is manfully engaged.

For the gift of whimsical imagery is invaluable in pouring ridicule on his opponents, in making the heresies he combats seem outrageously and irresistibly absurd. He is, indeed, a past-master in the art of the "reductio ad absurdum"; but he is in danger of so overdoing his method that it begins to be absurd itself. His fancy is so teeming that one can well understand that it is difficult for him to keep it from running away with his serious themes. Usually his first preposterous image is amusingly effective, even his second, sometimes even his third, but when he goes on and on wildly conjuring still more, so to say, out of his hat, we get tired, and are inclined to put the book down with an Oh, pshaw! There is no need to give examples of Mr. Chesterton's method run to seed. His readers are well aware of this vice of his style, and this new volume too abundantly illustrates it. Having respectfully made this well-intentioned protest, any imaginary delegation may pass on to the pleasanter task of drawing attention to instances where Mr. Chesterton's fantasy is as instructive as it is amusing. Take this from his essay on "Strikes and the Spirit of Wonder:"

> There is a story which pleases me so much that I feel sure I have repeated it in print, about an alleged and perhaps legendary lady secretary of Mme. Blavatsky or Mrs. Besant, who was so much delighted with a new sofa or ottoman that she sat on it by preference when resting or reading her correspondence. At last it moved slightly, and she found it was a Mahatma covered with his Eastern robe and rigid in prayer, or some more impersonal ecstasy.

G. K. Chesterton.

From a Drawing by Alfred Allinson.

In applying this delightful invention, it is inhuman to expect Mr. Chesterton to resist the opportunity for some good fooling, even to the extent of making a pun which his reader would have been glad to have made himself, as thus: "Suppose every sofa was like that of Mrs. Besant's secretary—simply made of a man. They need not be made merely of Theosophists or Buddhists—God forbid! Many of us would greatly prefer to trust ourselves to a Moslem or a Turk. This might, with strict accuracy, be called sitting on an Ottoman. I have even read, I think, of some Oriental potentate who rejoiced in a name sounding like 'sofa.'" But, this characteristic pirouette over with, Mr. Chesterton proceeds to show what serious use he can make of so nonsensical a fancy:

> But the only value of the vision, as of most visions—even the most topsy-turvy ones—is a moral value. It figures forth, in emblem enigma, the trouble that we do treat merely as furniture a number of people who are, at the very least, live stock. And the proof of it is that when they move we are startled like the secretary sitting on the praying man; but perhaps it is we who should begin to pray.

The moral Mr. Chesterton draws for us, and applies to the question of striking workmen, is that we live too much in the spirit of taking all things for granted, including human service. We are surprised when workmen strike, instead of being first surprised that they work for us at all. This "spirit of taking things for granted" "takes them as if it held them by something more autocratic than a right; by a cold and unconscious occupation, as stiff as a privilege and as baseless as a caprice."

But when we at once ignore and assume thousands of blinking, brooding, free, lonely and capricious human creatures, they will remind us that we can no more order souls than we can order stars. This primary duty of doubt and wonder has nothing to do with the rights or wrongs of special industrial quarrels. The workmen might be quite wrong to go on strike, and we should still be much more wrong in never expecting them to go on strike. * * * It is not inevitable, or in the nature of things, that when we have walked as far as we can or want to somebody else should carry us further in a cart, even for hire; or that when we have wandered up a road or come to a river a total stranger should take us over in a boat, even if we bribe him to do so.

Who but Mr. Chesterton could have made such good use of Mrs. Besant's melodrama, and it is in such imaginative illumination of our use-and-wont by flashes of absurdity that the value of Mr. Chesterton's method lies. Armed with such grotesque fancies he goes forth to war against the fashionable fads of the hour, all the rostrums with which our well-meaning sociological quacks are for dosing our theory-ridden humanity, which bids fair to die rather of its new-fangled cures than of its complaints.

The essay on prohibition is entitled "The Evolution of Slaves," and Mr. Chesterton begins by defining prohibition as "that American system of class privilege which we call for convenience Prohibition." "What it means," he goes on to say, "is that the nature of man can be modified to suit the convenience of particular men; and this would certainly be very convenient"; and here is another profound dictum: "Man, as Aristotle saw long ago, is an abnormal animal whose nature it is to be civilized. In so far as he ever becomes uncivilized he becomes unnatural, and even artificial." His essays on "The Romance of Rhyme" and "The Slavery of Free Verse" are the most convincing things that have been written on that "still-vexed" theme. Speaking of rhyme, he says: "The true enjoyment of poetry is always in having the simple pleasure as well as the subtle pleasure"; and of free verse: "It is no more a revolution in literary form than eating meat raw is an innovation in cooking." But I must leave Mr. Chesterton in the safe hands of his many admirers and turn to two other essayists who, though their themes are different, are at one with him in preaching the only modern gospel that has the relish of salvation in it, the Gospel of Wonder.

Both Mr. Massingham and Mr. Sharp are in the main concerned "to make the familiar rare and the rare familiar" by persuading us to open our eyes to the "magic" in natural things, and in Mr. Sharp's case also, to the magical opportunities of human experience. I had the pleasure, three years ago, of reviewing in these columns a volume of Mr. Massingham's entitled "Letters to X." That book consisted of unusually quickening essays on literature. In this new book, as in his "Some Birds of the Countryside," he deals chiefly with birds, with occasional glances on men who have written about them before and of country things in general: W. H. Hudson, of whom he is able to give us some new intimate glimpses; Gilbert White of Selborne, Richard Jeffreys, George Crabbe, William Gilpin, Frank Buckland and others. But birds are Mr. Massingham's main themes, birds as he has studied them in the Norfolk "Broads," the Surrey moorlands, the east and west coasts of England, as near to London as Richmond Park, as far away as the Farne islands, while one would need to be a naturalist, and a learned one, too, to enjoy Mr. Massingham's book to the full, yet he so charmingly combines the knowledge and zest of the naturalist with the temperament of the poet, sensitive to the strangeness of natural beauty and the cosmic mystery in the wild life he so lovingly studies, and his writing is in itself so beautful, so filled with "the murmurs and hints of the infinite sea," the writing of an artist always with delicately accurate eye on the object, while his spirit is tremulously responsive to all its "intimations," that his book can be enjoyed even by those whose actual knowledge is slight. He is himself indeed a rare example of the "new sort of naturalists writing today" which he describes in this passage:

> The artist must have the real before he can turn it into something else and be true to nature, to himself and his medium all in one consummation * * * the new, creative movement of prose toward nature as a spiritual discovery, enriched by the labors of science and the religion of evolution, and that its vitality, richness and significance grow more and more evident. It mingles with the main current of literature and has a growing public feeling behind it. It is, in a way, a surprising movement because it gathers force and speed in the bulk of industrialism and as an unvoiced challenge to commercial values. Fifty years ago natural history and financial ethics were close allies. That is so no longer, and the naturalist of today who has not somewhere in his mind the idea that his work is tapping fresh sources of spiritual energy for the profit and happiness of his fellowmen is either a bogey or the pedant of a caste, occupied with minutiae that are the mere parsley of knowledge.

We need a new word for this new sort of naturalist, of which W. H. Hudson may be taken as the type. "Poet-naturalist might serve in lieu of a better, provided that we mean by the term no mere "poetizing" of nature, but that the poetry radiates from the passionately observed and recorded reality, a reality which includes not merely the specific object of the naturalist's observation—whether it be the mysterious bittern whose "boom" is now seldom heard except in literature, or the "bearded tit," or the "furze-wren"—but all the conditions, landscape, atmosphere, weather, and so forth, accompanying the observation. In giving us these various settings of the bird-life he studies, with all the spiritual suggestiveness of this wild elementalism and lonely haunted beauty, Mr. Massingham is a master. East of his essays, his "adventures" as he calls them, is therefore a landscape, an idyll, a pastoral, as well as a technically exact piece of observation, and only long quotations could do justice to his exquisite and moving art.

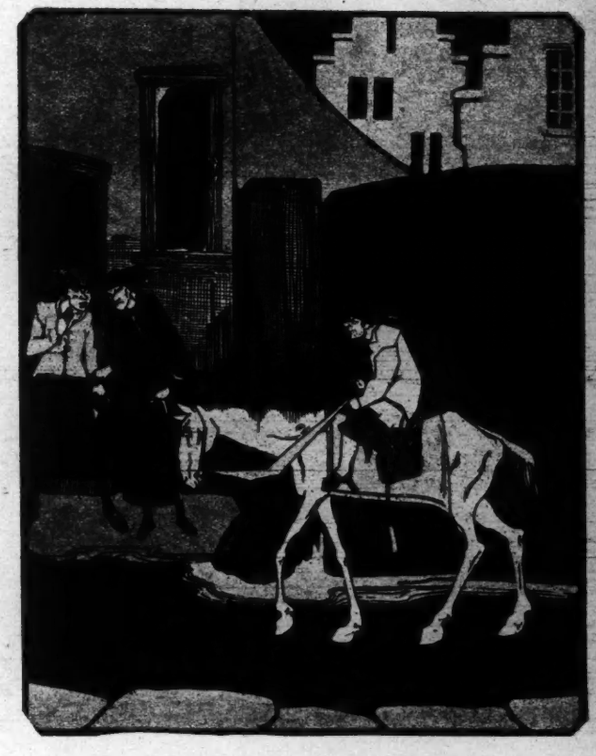
Professor Dallas Lake Sharp is a poet-naturalist of the same kind, whose inspiring work needs no introduction or recommendation to American readers. He, too, feels, and has long preached, the supernaturalism of natural things, even so familiar a country acquaintance as the woodchuck, concerning which in a reminiscent paper on John Burroughs—whose lifelong friend and intimate he was—he quotes this saying of the melampus of "Woodchuck Lodge": "I've been studing the woodchuck all my life, and there is no getting to the bottom of him." But "The Magical Chance" with which he is chiefly concerned in his new volume is that of human life, the magical chance life offers to each of us in the mere fact of being born into the world, with all the dream-like opportunities for high romance—as distinct from high finance—the Arabian Nights, so to say, of human destiny. Professor Sharp, with the long acquaintance with youthful minds which college life has given him, is evidently oppressed by the "biasd," unadventurous attitude toward life of contemporary youth, which seems to be born bored, and incapable of "wonder." Involuntarily, it seems to take the stand of old Sir Thomas Brown: "'Tis too late to be ambitious. All the great mutations of the world are acted." "Youth," says Professor Sharp, "is a dry tree these days; a sad state—particularly youth bent with the burden of an A. B. degree. Out of my fifty-odd years of existence I have taught college youth for three-and-twenty, and never in all that time have they looked like plain bread and butter to me. If they are not adventure and romance, not better stories, sweeter songs, mightier deeds than any yet recorded, then I am no judge of story matter and the shift of epic song." We can but believe that all this youthful apathy, so strangely untouched, as it seems, by the "sense of the splendor of our experience and of its awful brevity" is but a passing phase, the result, so to say, of two much materialistic science on an empty stomach, and that a new "renascence of wonder" is on the way. Writers such as Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Massingham and Mr. Sharp are invaluable to us as hasteners of its coming, as witnesses through the study of life's beautiful qualities to "the evidence of things not seen."

"THE DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF THE MOST INGENIOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA"

To the Right—Sancho Panza Arrives at Toboso and Is Recognized.

To the Left—"Don Quixote, mounted on Rozinante, issued out to the field, marvelous jocund and content."

From a new edition of "Don Quixote." Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. New York: George H. Doran Co.



"All Is Wrong in the Worst of All Possible Worlds"

Guglielmo Ferrero Discusses the European Situation

A Review by
T. R. YBARRA

LA TRAGEDIA DELLA PACE. DA VERSAILLES ALLA RUHR. (The Tragedy of Peace. From Versailles to the Ruhr.) By Guglielmo Ferrero. Milan: Edizioni Athena.

LA TORRE DI BABELE. (The Tower of Babel.) By Guglielmo Ferrero. Turin and Genoa: Problemi Moderni Publishing Company.

EUROPE, by the Treaty of Versailles, has become involved in hopeless tragedy.

She has done away with monarchy and failed to assimilate the true principles of democracy.

By driving America back to transatlantic isolation she has ended all hope of help from that quarter.

The European nations which won the war, by attempting to place Germany under their collective protectorate and reduce her to the status of a European Morocco, are attempting the impossible and paving the way for years of misery, the disastrous consequences of which will far surpass those caused by the World War.

Naked force has sought to rule and has failed miserably.

The sanctity of treaties has been trampled into the dust.

Europe has entered into a new era of barbarism.

The above are only a few of the gloomy conclusions contained in one of the gloomiest books that has appeared in this age of gloom. Its author, the celebrated Italian Guglielmo Ferrero, one of the foremost of living historians, becomes entitled, through having written this volume, to a place amid the leading Gloom-Purveyors of the present day. He is entitled to clamber up the black-shrouded steps of the black platform where, upon a jet black throne, sits John Maynard Keynes, and demand a seat on a black chair beside that Grand High Gloom of the Twentieth Century. He is entitled to assume an "I-am-gloomier-than-thou" attitude right in front of that other Italian arch-pessimist, Francesco Nitti!

Also, Ferrero can—and does—lay claim to being one of the leading I-Told-You-So's of history. For his book, just out in Italy, is a collection of articles, speeches and random jottings, some dating as far back as 1919, just after the close of the war, in nearly all of which Ferrero gloomily prophesied dire happenings which, in many cases, have come to pass as he foretold. Part of the material composing the book has already appeared in European and American publications, but much of it has never before been in print. Some of the most interesting of its statements come from an unpublished "Diary of the Peace," which Ferrero has been keeping ever since the armistice of 1918. The "Tower of Babel" is a reprint of an extremely gloomy and prophetic speech which the famous Italian historian made three years ago at Brussels in the presence of the King of the Belgians. This speech, he states in a preface, can be far more easily understood by readers now than it could be then, in view of what has occurred in Europe since it was delivered.

Right at the start of his book Ferrero states his claim to being one of the leaders of the I-Told-You-So school in these words:

> I think that I may affirm without boasting that, among the writers of Europe, I was one of the very few—perhaps, even, the only one—who, from 1914 onward, thought and wrote without yielding to the changing impressions caused by events, or to be the official doctrine of some one party or nation, but always in pursuance of an idea.

That idea, stated briefly, is that Europe has completely lost her head and is plunging into terrible chaos. It reappears in every one of the articles, speeches and random observations which now do duty as chapters in Ferrero's Volume of Gloom. It bobs up when he discusses reparations and the freedom of the seas, the Genoa conference and the Washington conference, war debts and the Turkish question. If ever there was a consistent pessimist, it is Guglielmo Ferrero.

Each step taken since the armistice, from his point of view, is a step downward. Writing in November, 1921, more than a year after the signing of the peace treaty and more than a year before France and Belgium sent their soldiers into the Ruhr district, he said:

> France and Belgium are compelled to keep under arms nearly one million men, because they have disarmed Germany. That is the paradox which is strangling Europe. * * *
>
> I have already written and I will repeat again—because this simple truth is the key of all the present disorder: the Treaty of Versailles, with its disarmament clauses and certain clauses covering reparations, has made of Germany a land under the joint protectorate of Italy, England and France. To imagine that the nation which, but seven years ago, was the leading world power, will acquiesce in becoming the Morocco of three other powers, at odds with each other and each weaker than herself, is equivalent to living with one's head among the clouds. Germany will endure this protectorate only in so far as force compels her. She disarmed because one million soldiers stood upon her frontiers, ready to invade her territory. As long as this million soldiers threaten her frontiers, she will obey, howling with fury.
>
> But for how long will France, together with Belgium, be able to keep this million soldiers under arms?—France, already indebted to the tune of three hundred billions?

A new duel is on, declares Ferrero, between France and Germany—a duel as deadly, though silent, as the war. And, writing of it nearly two years ago, he uses that term which is now in everybody's mouth—"passive resistance"—foreseeing that it might become a more serious matter for France than actual open revolt of the Germans against obeying the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Also, at that same time, he made this interesting prophecy:

> To enter Germany will be an easy matter for a French and Belgian army; the difficult part will be for it to get out again.

One can imagine Guglielmo Ferrero eagerly scanning the news from the Ruhr day by day and wondering whether what happens there will strengthen or weaken his claim to ranking as the leader of the I-Told-You-So brigade.

As for America, Ferrero believes that Europe has treated us most cavalierly. We came to Paris after the war, he points out, interested above all else in the principle of the freedom of the seas. The winners of the war—especially Great Britain—flatly refused to allow any such new doctrine to be introduced; therefore the United States, in high dudgeon, crawled back into its shell and washed its hands of all Europe's affairs. And quite right we were to do so, declares Ferrero; moreover, he adds, one of the worst of the many mistakes made by Europe since the armistice was to alienate America.

Ferrero is not one of those who believe that France is not honestly trying to collect money from Germany, but, with that as a cloak, is really seeking to dismember and destroy her arch-enemy. What he does maintain, though, is that the course of events since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles has made of the treaty merely an instrument for the destruction of Germany. He writes:

> Readers who have faithfully followed what I have written know how obstinately I have maintained during four years that the Treaty of Versailles places Germany under the collective protectorate of Italy, France and England, and that this protectorate is an extravagant and fantastic political combination, destined to become the Pandora's box of all Europe!

He returns, then, to one of his favorite contentions with the statement:

> Nobody, however, knows to what degree the treaty can destroy her. But there can be no doubt, in the minds of all those with eyes capable of seeing, that a partial or total destruction of Germany is the only possible result to be obtained now from the treaty. Impossible of execution and chimerical in its most important parts, yet incapable of being abrogated because there are nations which cannot gratuitously and willingly renounce the rights which it confers upon them, the said treaty compels and will continue to compel some of the victorious nations to adopt measures of coercion which will become steadily more serious, which can have no other effect except to plunge Germany, already ruined by the war and the peace, into chaos.

Exclamations prompted by the blackest pessimism tread, so to speak, upon each other's heels in Ferrero's Book of Gloom. "Europe is dying of intellectual inanition." "Peace dawns in the guise of a chaos of passions and rival interests." "Europe cannot make peace because she does not know what she wants." While he was in Paris watching the framers of the peace treaty at work, Ferrero wrote in disgust: "This congress is the Tower of Babel rebuilt at the foot of the hill of Montmartre!" At about the same time he also jotted down: "No, Europe will not have peace, because she does not wish it, because what she wants and seeks is disorder."

If only there had been a Talleyrand at the peace table, he sighs. And, in one grand outburst of utter disillusion he tosses off this epigram:

> Napoleon defined the French Revolution as "an idea which was able to find millions of bayonets." We might reverse this saying and define the World War as "millions of bayonets in search of an idea."

One section of Ferrero's book bears the sardonic title, "A Discourse to the Deaf." It serves, says the author, as "a conclusion and a crown" of all the preceding parts dealing with the history of the last four years. Nor does it yield to any other section in gloomy disillusionment. Summing up what has happened in those four years, the Italian historian writes:

> We do not know what we are doing—that is the naked truth. We are ignorant of the past, heedless of the future, incapable of living in the present. We are living outside the times, outside reason, outside reality, in the grip of a turbid hallucination.

In "The Tower of Babel," the speech which he delivered three years ago before Albert, King of the Belgians, and now reproduces, Ferrero makes some observations which, in the light of recent dire happenings, certainly provide food for thought. Reviewing the chaos which has come in the wake of the war, the unfulfilled aspirations and the long succession of evils which make up the history of Europe since the armistice of 1918, the famous Italian gives vent to a thought which has occurred to many a humbler mind:

> "Men," he remarks, "do not feel themselves to be brothers in days of happiness, of power, of security, of pride, of exalted egoism arising from victory and the other good things of earth, but only in days of danger, of misfortune, of trial."

Like many other books made up of detached pieces, written at different times and under varying influences, Ferrero's work has a certain lack of unity. But one cannot deny that it has, throughout, the unity derived from an unswerving pessimism. In 1919 Guglielmo Ferrero decided that Europe was going to the dogs. Everything that has happened since has only served to strengthen that gloomy belief of his. His motto might appropriately be—to vary the combined words of Voltaire:

> "All is wrong, in the worst of all possible worlds."

Religious Poems of Gabirol Revived in Translation

Mr. Zangwill Puts Into English the Verse of an Eleventh Century Philsopher

A Review by
S. N. BRAININ

***SELECTED RELIGIOUS POEMS OF SOLOMON IBN GABIROL.** Translated into English verse by Israel Zangwill, from a critical text edited by Israel Davidson, Ph. D. The Schiff Library of Jewish Classics. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.*

IT has been said that a translation, like a woman, cannot combine beauty with faithfulness. It is hard to say which of the two is the preferable quality in a woman; but for a translation—especially a translation of verse—beauty is undoubtedly more important that letter-perfect faithfulness. For it is not words, but thoughts that the translator seeks to convey. As long as he preserves the context of the original and presents it in artistic form we are not justified in quarreling over any but major deviations.

Of these there are none in Israel Zangwill's translation of the selected religious poems of Solomon Ibn Gabirol. With remarkable understanding the translator penetrates into the philosophic depths of the poetry; with true sincerity he reproduces its religious exaltation; with great skill he preserves the Biblical flavor of the original. He has succeeded in translating beautiful Hebrew into beautiful English—a task whose difficulty is enhanced by the characteristic picturesque brevity of expression of the Hebrew language.

Solomon Ibn Gabirol, poet and philosopher, lived in Spain in the eleventh century of this era. Of his life little is known, and a great many of his works have been lost, so that we know them only by hearsay. But there remain to us some three hundred poems, secular and religious, besides a few philosophical works (notable the "Source of Life," the Latin version of which, over the signature of Avencebrol—a corruption of Ibn Gabirol—was much discussed by the medieval schoolmen).

Gabirol lived at a time when the Hebrew poets were just beginning to use secular themes; as Zangwill points out in his foreword he was the first Hebrew poet to use the image of the Muse, to write nature poetry, and to handle philosophy. His style is generally conceded to be far ahead of his time—his romanticism often approaches that of Musset. But his nine-century-old renown among the Jews is based chiefly on his religious poems, many of which have been incorporated in the liturgy of the synagogue. And many of these have a philosophical and mystical undercurrent that is more modern than medieval in its conception.

The present volume, the first of the Schiff Library of Jewish Classics, contains fifty of Gabirol's religious poems; the publishers plan to follow this collection with others, until all the available poetry of this writer has been put within the reach of the English-reading public. The bringing together of the material for this edition has been anything but easy; Dr. Davidson, the editor, gives some idea of its difficulty when he says:

> The fate which befell Gabirol's poems, both secular and religious, is that common to all our medieval classics. • • • His religious poems are scattered in scores of rituals, some of them so rare that they are as inaccessible as manuscripts, while his secular poems are thus far so badly edited that they are virtually as if they had never seen the light of day.

By reason of his thorough scholarship Dr. Davidson, who is Professor of Medieval Hebrew Literature in the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, is eminently fitted for the work of editing this collection. He has omitted no effort to make it as complete and accurate as possible. The student of Hebrew poetry will be especially delighted with the plan of printing on opposing pages the original and the translation; and he will appreciate the many notes and references on sources and variations of the text.

Leopold Zunz, the celebrated Jewish scholar, once said that the Jews are a remarkable people in that their prayers are logic and their songs are philosophy. In Gabirol, who was a philosopher as well as a poet, this blending is peculiarly evident. He was familiar with the science and philosophy of his time, as well as with ancient Jewish lore and law. And this knowledge is the basis of the philosophic strain that runs through so much of his religious poetry. His philosophic tendency reaches its greatest degree in his acknowledged masterpiece, "The Royal Crown," a long prayer to the "Rock and Redeemer." There we can find a complete dissertation on the essence of God, a philosophical discussion of the nature of the soul, and an account of the astronomical and astrological conceptions of the time.

Gabirol's poetry, then, is not the unrestrained outpouring of a simple, deeply religious soul; but it has been much thought out and worked over, both as to content and as to form. Especially is this true in the case of the latter, which, besides having rhyme and meter (both quite new to Hebrew poetry of that period), is characterized by an ever-recurring acrostic formation of the author's name. And yet these poems seem, spontaneously, the unadorned children of free inspiration. Some of them manifest a passionate love for God, almost erotic in its intensity—the mystical love of a man who is overwhelmed by the omnipotence and infinite mercy of his God. Ecstatic, super-rational is the love expressed in lines like

> My thoughts astounded asked me why
> Toward the whirling wheels on high
> In ecstasy I rush and fly.
>
> The living God is my desire,
> It carries me on wings of fire,
> Body and soul to Him aspire.

But such exalted moods are set off by the inevitable reaction—a realization of the nothingness of man, of the evanescence of life, of the futility of all that seems so important to us. A deep pessimism engulfs the poet, draws from his lips the sigh:

> Why waste on ancestors a heated breath,
> Or note which progeny was Abraham's?
> Whether his food be herbs or Bashan rams,
> Man, wretched wight, is on his way to death.

The consciousness of the Exile, never entirely absent from the mind of the Jew, also finds vent in Gabirol's poetry. Profoundly despondent are some of these lyrics—too long the Lord has left unfulfilled His promise to restore His chosen people. In spite of reiterated exhortations to hope, we feel that in the poet's heart there dwell only weariness and despair. And these he expresses in lyrics of beautiful sadness. Especially poignant is his simile:

> The years are a thousand
> Since, broken and scattered,
> We wander in exile,
> Like waterfowl lost in
> The depths of the desert.

It is easy to understand why the religious poetry of Solomon Ibn Gabirol, written in the Middle Ages, has withstood the test of almost a millennium. These are no occasional songs or prayers, but hymns of eternal appeal. They strike a fundamental chord in the human heart—a chord that remains the same through centuries of time and cultural development. Beautiful in form and musical in cadence are these lyrics—and the English translation preserves these qualities.

Israel Zangwill.
Drawn From Life by S. J. Woolf.

A Stripling in Search of His Youth

***A PREFACE TO LIFE.** By Edwin Justus Mayer. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*

FROM the point of view of an author, autobiography is one of the most appealing forms of literature. Few of those who write at all do not at times feel the temptation to put some of their own experiences on paper, and many are those who succumb to the temptation and produce either frank autobiographies or else autobiography under the thin gauze of fiction. It is not often, however, that one who has lived only twenty-five years has the courage candidly to expose his soul to the public gaze, to draw a self-portrait and to publish his private history without first taking the precaution to label his effort "A Novel." But Edwin Justus Mayer, it would appear, has little respect for conventions, literary or otherwise; although he has only reached the quarter-century mark and although he has hitherto been unknown in the world of books, he does not hesitate to make his first bow before the public in a volume that is avowedly a record of personal experiences both physical and spiritual. A most interesting beginning for any young man! the reader will exclaim; therefore let us consider carefully the nature of Mr. Mayer's virgin offering.

To begin with, the book differs from most autobiographies in that the narrative element is subservient to what, for want of a better term, may be called the philosophic strain. So far as the reader can judge, Mr. Mayer has not led an extraordinary life, nor would that life be worth writing about merely because of its external events: virtually all that we are told is that at the age of 15 the author made his acquaintance with Original Sin, that at about the same time he discovered Byron and began work in a wholesale underwear establishment, that later he became an underwear salesman and incidentally passed his time in the public library at his employer's expense; and that after various shadowy experiences in Harlem, Wall Street and Hollywood he set out with the definite intention of becoming a writer.

The significant events in a man's career, of course, are not those which his neighbors may witness, but those which take place noiselessly in the subterranean abysses of his own soul. Kant, dwelling all his life in his small native German town, was ranging and measuring the universe; Fabre, living placidly in the out-of-the-way provinces of France, threaded the labyrinthine recesses of the insect world; assuredly Mr. Mayer, though the outward events of his life were commonplace, may have been living stupendously in some universe to which he alone has the key and into whose starry and awe-inspiring grottoes he may conduct the reader. But is it true that he has thus been dwelling in some unique mental or spiritual realm that may prove refreshing or illuminating to the uninitiated? Alas! though three-fourths of the book is devoted to revealing the author's inner life, it is difficult to find much that is either original or profound, much that exhibits a mature or well-rounded point of view (other than the affected maturity of the tyro) or a depth of thought or emotion conspicuously beyond the average. In places, indeed, the author writes with beauty and impressiveness, in places he displays both fervor and imagination; but he is too much given to glittering superficials, too much weighed down by an obsessing self-consciousness, too much inclined to set down conclusions without supplying the reasons for those conclusions, and to lose sight of truth and even of common sense in his quest of the startling.

Listen, for example, to some of his statements. "Hollywood is the climax of a tale, but it is not the end of the story." "Human beings • • • are not often sufficiently angelic in their natures to be fit to become devils." "Blake was • • • too moral to care for morals." Paradoxes such as these, which Mr. Mayer supplies in annoying abundance, are of course more arresting than reasonable. Instead of saying that Blake was too moral to care for morals, the author might with equal justification have declared that he was too good to care for goodness, too artistic to care for art, too affectionate to care for affection, too intelligent to care for intelligence—and so on ad infinitum.

Mr. Mayer's eagerness to shine with a hollow brilliance is perhaps but one phase of an egotism that crops up on many pages of the book. Or perhaps it is not egotism, but only a commendable frankness that leads him to assure us that "It seems to me that my own special adaptability is to think and to write what I think"; perhaps he is expressing no more than a common though commonly unexpressed sentiment when he asserts, "I will not be poor! I will force the world to take note of me; and as it paid me for being what it thought me, I shall be paid for being what I am!"; and in all probability it is merely his sincerity that speaks when he confesses that, "As a clever man, I found friends in the clever or debatable classes," and when he states, in the preface to his preface, "There have been too many books about adolescents, lately; let us begin again to have books about men!"

It would not be fair to Mr. Mayer to close without a word about the good qualities that shine forth once one has pierced the irritating armor plate of his shortcomings. If, as a philosopher, he has too much glitter and too little depth, yet as an artist he shows signs of a faculty for expression that may take him far provided that he preserves his sense of the beautiful and exchanges a little of his adolescent interest in himself for a more wholesome interest in the world. He is able, on occasion, to mold words vividly and rhythmically to his purposes; he has done much good writing, and even some distinguished writing.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Men, Women, Puppets and the Comic Spirit

Robert Nathan Writes a Novel Just Off the Beaten Path

A Review by
LLOYD MORRIS

THE PUPPET MASTER. By Robert Nathan. New York: Robert M. McBride Company.

IT is not surprising that our contemporary fiction, having pronounced tendencies toward the extremes of sentimentality and satire, should be so poor in the comic spirit. To write pure comedy, as Mr. Nathan has in "The Puppet Master," you must love human nature as it actually is; your vision and your sympathies must embrace both its admirable aspirations and its amusing weaknesses. Few recent novels exhibit this scope. They invite us, for the most part, to contemplate human nature one aspect at a time, dwelling sentimentally on its aspirations alone or satirically on its failings to the exclusion of all else. In doing so they make us choose between abandoning our sense of reality and despising our neighbors, as we must if we are to see a world in which only Pollyannas exist, or one composed exclusively of Babbitts. The rarity of the comic spirit in our fiction should make us prize its infrequent expression, and we should welcome the novel that neither flatters nor indicts us but invites us to observe ourselves with a little wholesome amusement. Such a book is "The Puppet Master," in which imagination and insight, sympathy and humor have collaborated to produce a story with the accent of fantasy and the warm humanity of comedy.

Mr. Nathan refers to his novel as "the story of some dolls." Yet the description seems unduly modest, for it is a rich and varied world that meets the serious gaze of six-year-old Amy May Holly, a world large enough to include such diverse creatures as her irresponsible young mother and the poet Christopher Lane, the Rev. Dr. Twine of the church next door, old Papa Jonas, who lives on the floor below and makes puppets, the one-eyed ragdoll Annabelle Lee, the rabbit Jane Demonstration, and the puppets from Papa Jonas's theatre — Mr. Aristotle, Mr. Moses, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Angelica and the rest. Soberly enumerated, the cast of characters seems extravagantly fantastic, but extravagance is precisely the effect which the author has succeeded in avoiding. To write about human beings as though they were puppets is an accomplishment of doubtful value; to write about puppets as though they were human beings requires some imagination. But to write about puppets as puppets and human beings as human beings, and to write of both in the same story is a delicate, difficult task. In this Mr. Nathan has succeeded admirably, for he has interwoven the world of human beings and the world of puppets, making each distinct in its effect and both equally real. Whether consciously or not, he has followed the convention of the epic poem, with its two stories, one taking place in heaven and one on earth, which together make a single story. Mr. Nathan has told two love stories; one is the story of Mary Holly and the poet Christopher Lane, the other the story of Mr. Aristotle and Annabelle Lee. The reader to whom the epic parallel occurs may ascertain for himself which takes place in heaven and which on earth!

Amy May Holly and her doll Annabelle Lee

liked to play house; and they desired a man. They needed a husband, a doctor and a grocer; but they were willing to economize: one man could be all three, with a little imagination.

Their choice fell upon Mr. Aristotle, a clown, an artist and a philosopher. The advantage of puppets over men is that they can assume the most varied parts with the greatest facility and expressiveness. Mr. Aristotle, as an actor of long experience, did his best to fulfill the obligations of marriage to Annabelle Lee, but with tragic consequences, for, having discouraged her by seeking to preserve inviolate his own individuality, he ultimately fell in love with her to his own ruin. Mary Holly, Amy May's gay and wistful mother, felt a similar need for a man; perhaps he, too, should have been a husband, a doctor and a grocer; but her choice, like Annabelle Lee's, fell upon an artist, even worse, a poet, Yet it took her long to decide to take a poet, a creature of dreams and desires, who could never be a doctor or a grocer but yet might be made into a husband. Observation of the domestic affairs of Annabelle and Aristotle taught her much, and one feels that when she began to turn a poet into a husband her feminine intuition had already profited by the addition of a little shrewd philosophy.

Mr. Nathan's previous novel, "Autumn," an exquisite idyll of a little New England town, gave evidence of his ability to portray character with sympathy and insight. He has wide opportunity in "The Puppet Master," which, since it is conceived as comedy, affords free play to characterization. And it must be said that Mr. Nathan has taken full advantage of the opportunity. The puppet master himself, old Papa Jonas, upon whom the story converges, is an excellent delineation, gentle, lovable, humorous and gravely wise. A lover of beauty, he celebrates the beauty which he finds in life in the creation of his puppets; he is a philosopher in that he comprehends life without ceasing to enjoy it. In a novel which as a whole is so quaintly charming it is difficult to isolate a single episode as an illustration; yet surely one of the loveliest things in the book is the wedding service which Papa Jonas composes for the marriage of the two dolls. Here is a brief indication of its quality:

There have come before me two small and quiet beings. One is of wood, the other of rags. They have never spoken, and we have no reason to believe that they have ever heard the words we have addressed to them. At the same time, let us not make the mistake of denying to motionless forms a life of which we happen to be ignorant. For life is everywhere and in everything; it is as pervasive as it is mysterious. Everywhere it is full of joy and anguish; everywhere it is lovely, patient and brave. It has no purpose, save to continue; it has no aim, save to extend itself.

And it extends itself by love. It sacrifices itself in order to be born again. This is the object of marriage; and for this reason marriage is tragic. For it is a form of death. Life renews itself only at the cost of life; the new destroys and feeds itself upon the old. Uncaring, immortal, nature views with equal indifference the agony of birth and the pangs of dissolution. It is all one to her; it is all the same.

From the marriage of insects other insects are born, with frightful claws and ardent dispositions. The swift, shy birds give birth to winged forms, from whom the same sweet songs ascend. From the wedding of minds new thoughts are conceived; they are like the old, but they are fresh and passionate with youth. And from the wedding of souls new hopes arise.

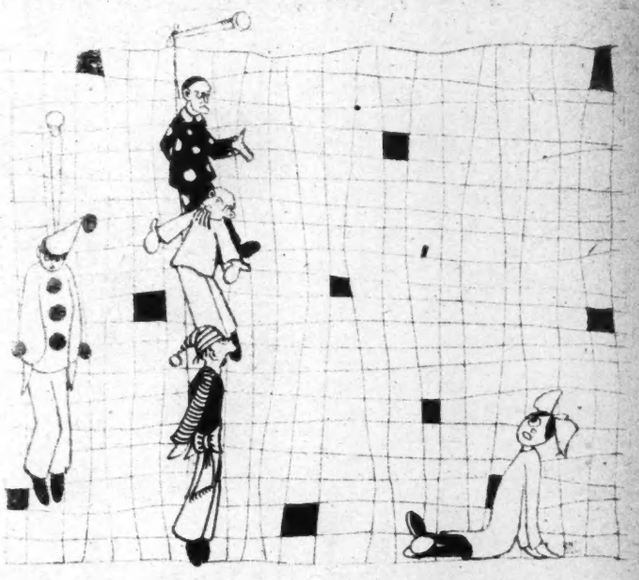
All marriages are fruitful. May this one, too, be fruitful; of peace, of quiet joy.

Like Papa Jonas himself, however, the author has expended his most complete devotion upon the puppets. To have created Mr. Aristotle and Annabelle Lee and Mr. Moses, to have made them so quaintly illustrative of human nature and human life and yet, in so doing, to have preserved their integrity as puppets is to have achieved a high order of imaginative realism. One gets from the novel precisely the effect which one gets from watching a play presented by puppets, a strange sense of the human significance of the action combined with a curious detachment, produced by the deliberate artificiality of its presentation, which translates that significance into terms of comedy. The tragic love story of the forlorn braggart Mr. Aristotle and the slim, one-eyed, resilient Annabelle Lee is humanly significant to an astonishing degree; it even exercises a direct compulsion upon the human characters involved in the story; yet Mr. Nathan, by never for an instant allowing us to forget that these are the affairs of puppets, not of men, has given us life generalized by the comic spirit, into which we enter to be amused by finding ourselves portrayed. It is the independent, imaginative reality of Mr. Aristotle, Mr. Moses and Annabelle Lee, which makes them such fascinating characters. They ask no concession of our belief; they are frankly puppets, but having for so long aped the attitudes and the emotions of men, is it surprising that ultimately they should have been corrupted by the association and become, "like men and women, filled with desire and despair"? As Papa Jonas observes:

To us these puppets are only so many pieces of wood. Yet, as a matter of fact, their faces express the most poignant emotions. Mr. Moses, for example, has only to move his arms and legs by means of some wires in order to appear as lifelike as a child, or a dog. It is true that children understand these things better than we do, for they have not yet learned to doubt everything. They are not afraid to believe, and so they do not make so many mistakes.

Yet, like men, as Mr. Aristotle learned to his cost, each puppet is himself, and nothing else, able only to make the motions appropriate to his individuality.

It is somewhat difficult to indicate the specific flavor of Mr. Nathan's novel. It has the same poetic imagination that made "Autumn" so distinguished a piece of work. It has delicate fantasy, whimsical humor and a quiet gayety; it shows a love of human nature and a serious reading of life. To say that it possesses many of the qualities which bring the best of Barrie's work so close to our hearts is to praise it highly but not undeservedly.



Jacket Design for "The Puppet Master."

Birds Seen in New York and Long Island

A Review by
CHARLES JOHNSTON

BIRDS OF THE NEW YORK CITY REGION. By Ludlow Griscom, Assistant Curator of Ornithology. Six colored plates, 30 photographs, map. 400 pp. New York: The American Museum of Natural History. $1.

BIRDS I HAVE KNOWN. By Richard Harper Lambeer. 50 colored plates, 48 photographs. 401 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

FROM the general background of bird life definite problems emerge, endless questions arise and the intelligence sets to work to solve them: Exactly what birds may be seen? Just where, and when?

All these questions are answered, with precision and completeness, by Ludlow Griscom's scholarly book. The region covered extends from the Delaware River to Montauk Point, from Staten Island to Westchester County; an excellent large-scale map exactly defines it.

What birds may be seen? Take for comparison W. H. Hudson's "British Birds." Hudson lists 376 species, something over 200 of which he regards as genuinely British, while the rest are occasional visitants, including, by the way, more than forty common American birds. In the quarter century since Hudson wrote many have been added, but his figures will serve our purpose. In the "Birds of the New York City Region" Ludlow Griscom lists almost exactly the same number, 377. Of these 125 are irregular, casual or accidental, while 12 are extinct. This leaves 240, permanent or Summer residents, Summer and Winter visitants and regular transients; again fairly comparable with Hudson's figures. Therefore a student of birds in the New York City region has a field fairly comparable to the British Isles, with many likenesses and with striking contrasts. The golden-crowned kinglet may stand for the analogies, the ruby-throated hummingbird for the contrasts.

The ten classes we have outlined Ludlow Griscom analyzes and defines with careful accuracy, building on the foundations laid by Dr. Frank M. Chapman's admirable booklet, "The Birds of the Vicinity of New York City," published in 1906, long out of print, and among the treasures of many students. Yet no entry is taken for granted; every detail is closely scrutinized and checked, and a considerable number of important changes are made, in part because the territories are not quite the same, in part because conditions have altered, and in part because a large volume of new facts has been gathered.

Then comes the Bird Student's Calendar, again following Dr. Chapman's general outline, but once more with scrupulous revision. We may illustrate the calendar by a few sentences from October:

In mild seasons a maximum of bird life is reached between the 4th and 13th; the normal transient host is reinforced by lingering Summer residents and the earlier transients such as warblers. Should a frost then ensue, a big "wave" occurs, and eighty species can be recorded in a day. Such a fortunate combination occurs about once in five years. * * * The pipit, Winter wren, rusty blackbird, solitary vires and white-crowned sparrow arrive regularly in early October. The fox sparrow

(Continued on Page 12)

Laughing Gulls.

Photo by Alfred M. Bailey.

FERDUSI, COURT POET TO SHAH MAHMUD, WRITES THE "BOOK OF KINGS" ON SPACE

(For Every Thousand Couplets a Thousand Pieces of Gold.)

Latest Works of Fiction

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD. By Jay William Hudson. 388 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

IF Mr. Hudson is not careful, he may awake some morning to find himself dubbed the Thackeray of the Middle West. "Nowhere Else in the World" is his second volume, and yet Mr. Hudson is deliberate, almost defiant, in his use of what may be called the discursive method of novel writing. It would be utterly unfair to suggest inadvertently that Mr. Hudson has written a story around a series of essays, but the fact remains that there are innumerable essays, ranging from the whimsical to the powerful, to be found in this penetrating narrative of a young writer in revolt against the smugness of American culture. They are woven in, not thrown in. The result is wholly delightful, for the hand that does the weaving commands a prose that in itself has the power to charm and carry on the interest. This new book more than makes good the exceptional promise of Mr. Hudson's first novel, "Abbe Pierre."

Further pertinent interest is aroused by the fact that Mr. Hudson has not only used but has mastered his method, so that it becomes amenable to the expression of some of the most striking and original conceptions in current literature. The theme (though it is not strictly of the thesis variety) of a young writer in revolt against the crude restraints of an immature culture is not new, but Tottle Kent is beyond peradventure a new figure in fiction, a veritable creation. His struggle against his father's desire to have him become a partner in the Kent Construction Company of Chicago is no new conflict in American fiction; but the battle, involving an unusual view of a typical Middle West university, is waged in an utterly fresh and vital manner. Mr. Hudson is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Missouri, and it is not for nothing that he has studied both university life and the subject he teaches: above the familiar abstractions of his novel plays an irony that creates the free, fresh breath of life itself, and the characters that breathe it grow and become in a very real sense real human beings. Tottle Kent, involved in his by no means unfamiliar struggle, because he breathes, this air, muddles rather than fights his way to victory, and in the course of his engagingly human stumbling falls upon strange spiritual experiences and achieves a vision of American industrial civilization that is startling and beautifully just.

Having lost his desire to remain in Paris, the city he loves; having fought the deadening routine of a small university professor's life and lost; having gone home to Chicago—the city he hated as the ugly symbol of the commercial spirit—to hide himself and write; having apparently lost the girl he loves, he finds a new vision of the city that has dealt him such blows, writes his first successful novel, goes to Paris again, only to feel that he does not fit, and returns at once to Chicago.

He had called it ugly. Perhaps it was ugly. Yet here was the terrible beauty of chaos in conflict as it must look to God when he fashions a world—the beauty that yearns, throbs, pulses through life with infinite passion, fights endless battles, achieves impossible valors.

"Nowhere Else in the World" places Mr. Hudson definitely in the front ranks of the new novelists who have appeared in America since the war.

JOHN NO-BRAWN

JOHN NO-BRAWN. By George Looms. 320 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

A CURIOUS mixture of raw, quivering life and the charming romance of an earlier Tarkington novel is George Looms's latest work of fiction, "John No-Brawn," a story of the metamorphosis wrought in the living standards and the very lives of the middle-class Americans by the late, lamented great war. It is not a war story, but it paints a vivid picture of the results of that conflict on at least two persons.

In fact, Mr. Looms's descriptive work, his ability to clothe character, scene and emotion with distinctive apparel is the outstanding feature of the book. He leaves little for the imagination of the reader. He knows Louisville, Ky., in which he has placed most of his scenes, and has reproduced the quaint charm of it which has come down from the '60s. Moreover, he knows the people about whom he has builded his story.

"John No-Brawn" is a simple chronological tale of the life of a young lawyer for a period of about three years. There is nothing complex in the plot, and it is rather a relief to find that the questions of sex and other things alleged to be discussed by the younger set in country clubs do not enter into the story. A little of the ugliness of life creeps into the yarn at intervals, but the poignant and bitter touches are saved as a black, bitter demitasse at the end of the dinner. It is then that he rips the cover off and lays bare the inner feelings, the soul, of a man from whom all hope is gone.

John Brawn, from whose name the curious title of the book is derived, is a young lawyer in Louisville who, at the beginning of 1913, has reached the point where he is earning an income sufficient to meet the demands of the most pressing of his creditors. His hours after he leaves the office are spent in a continuous round of dances and other social gatherings of the city. Realizing the futility of this aimless living, he determines to cut the set and devote his time to work. In this he succeeds for a time, and then comes the war.

He has fallen in love with Phillida Coleman, a frank, likable girl, who eventually marries John Brawn as he is on leave from the training camp. She joins the Red Cross and he returns to camp hoping to sail overseas, but in this he is disappointed. He is placed in a depot brigade to train rookies, and there he stays until the armistice. Soon afterward he applies for a discharge and is found to have contracted tuberculosis. He is taken to a hospital in Colorado, in which he spends several months. Then his wife comes for him and removes him to a cottage high up in the mountains at a Summer resport.

To this cottage comes a former admirer of Phillida and Brawn insists that his wife and old friend enjoy the dances at the resort. Then Brawn suspects, and there comes the inevitable break. How Brawn found his soul and played the game to the final curtain forms the final chapters of a haunting novel. One almost wishes that there could have been another way out, yet somehow he feels that even then "all's well."

The story seems trite merely to give the bare details of the plot, for the charm of the novel lies in its characterization and word painting. Some of his descriptive sentences stand out in memory, particularly if one has seen the things the author describes.

Upon the opaque, yellowish shimmer of the river drifted an elongated dot, and a tentacle sweeping up therefrom in a tiny arc flashed a keen pinprick of light and disappeared again. It was a fisherman laying his lines for river cat.

Again:

The sun began to slide riverward, reddening the vapors about the water so that a rosy opalescence seemed to gather, tremulous, out of nowhere, and the smoke pall from the city northward began to glow and shift, with thin streamers of wisplike smoke curling upward into the pale turquoise of the sky.

CROATAN

CROATAN. By Mary Johnston. 298 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

THE mysterious word "Croatan," carved on a tree on the Island of Roanoke, was all that remained of the first ill-fated English colony, back in 1587; the fanciful unraveling of that lost tribe's destiny is sufficiently provocative. Miss Johnston, however, has set herself a wider problem—the spirit that lured those early settlers to the New World; the thing that happened to them here, and their relations with the Indians. It is not directly stated, but it is not impossible to infer, that Miss Johnston has conceived a picture of civilization that might have been without involving the virtual annihilation of the Indian, the spoliation of the land and the erection of new inequalities after escaping those of Europe.

Some ancestral harking back to the Saxon days of Robin Hood, of the budding British nationality of Chaucer's day, and of the dark Druidic mysteries of the ancient Britons before the Roman conquest, lurked in the breasts of the little company gathered by Sir Walter Raleigh, the reader is asked to believe. It seems plausible. Miss Johnston envisages, in her Croatan settlers, a spirit that was willing and able to "blend, make a life that is one" with the Indian. They created a world different from the "finer homes, better ways" of England—"but this was the forest, and these were forest ways. Good ways, too."

Miss Johnston does not become explicit. Her colony escapes from the menace of hostile Indian tribes who would send the white invaders "back where they came from," in company with friendly Cherokees. It is not quite clear where the mountains are that they know finally as home; you gather it is the Rocky Mountains, a vast distance from the Atlantic shore, and from news and influence of England. Obliquely the antithesis comes: if all the colonists had been withdrawn far from the coast to an overwhelming proximity to the land itself and its native populations, the nation that subsequently arose might have been more firmly rooted in the aboriginal depths of the new soil. The reader is allowed to suppose that, if he be so minded, Miss Johnston is absorbed in telling her story.

Miss Johnston lends a factitious simplicity to her narrative by her mannerism of the tripled phrase: "Vigor and vigor and vigor, and grace, grace, grace!" which is intended to give us a life-size portrait of Sir Walter Releigh; or "Winter, Winter, Winter," which, of course, evokes all the phenomena of that season, both objectively and subjectively, in a vivid and inevitable manner. Miss Johnston also evades some of her best color passages; the trip from the coast of Virginia to the heart of the wilderness is accomplished between chapters, so that the reader turns back a page to see if something has been left out of his copy of the novel. She misses several keen fights, although she may be pardoned for that; the one on Roanoke Island is exciting enough.

A more serious fault, it is submitted, is the faltering of Miss Johnston's apparent original intention in the concluding love story. A definite inclusion of a program, developing the colony, generation after generation, to the twentieth century, might be one resolution, but a very stupid and unimaginative one. The friendly pooling of interests of her young Spaniards, Englishmen, English girl and Indian boy, the four who occupy the centre of the last half of the book, may well imply a precipitate of optimistic but not incongruous, relatively speaking, philosopy. The agent which must reduce such philosophy to its concrete form is, however, not the exposition of the author, but the responsibility of the reader. He may, if he prefers, stick to an idyllic romance of the dawn of the nation and leave overtones to others.

SILK

SILK. By Samuel Merwin. With frontispiece. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

PRECIOUS stones have figured as the centre of many a romance, from ancient times down to the present day. The romance of furs, brought from the far white northland, has been chronicled by many a writer. But though not a whit less dramatic than either of these, the romance of "silk" has been comparatively ignored. For the period of his tale, Mr. Merwin has chosen the latter part of the first century of the Christian era, when Trajan was Emperor of Rome and China was flourishing under the dynasty of the Later Han.

One great cause of Chinese prosperity, almost its very root, was the fact that at that time the Chinese alone knew the secret of the silk. Other nations were ignorant of the worm that fed on mulberry leaves and wondered whether the silk came from a plant or from the bark of a tree. The people known to Chinese as the Yue Che, who lived on the other side of that Pa Mir River which marked the westernmost boundary of the Empire of Han, and across which no Chinese subject was allowed to go, were the intermediaries of the traffic in silk, much of which was eventually bought by the Romans. But even the Yue Che were ignorant of the source of the silk. And Rome was not content merely to buy it; she wished to know the secret of its making, and her envoys had promised the Yue Che—whose country its inhabitants called Bartriana, or sometimes Balkh, which was the name of the principal city—that Parthia should be conquered and handed over to them if they would solve the mystery and so break the carefully guarded Chinese monopoly.

To Roxana, the Virgin Queen of Balkh, and her Semitic Prime Minister, the Wazir Ibn Shu Ber Din, the bargain seemed highly attractive. But though the great Chinese General, Pan Ch'ao, who had conquered and pacified the tribes of the frontier, and so made possible the extensive traffic in silk, knew nothing of this really extraordinary conspiracy, he was a prudent and a watchful man. It was he who sent Jan Po, a young mandarin of the eighth rank, on a mission to Balkh, to which no Chinese gentleman had ever gone. His ostensible errand was to purchase horses; his real one to discover why the young Queen of Balkh and her Wazir were making such "surprising efforts to communicate directly with the Throne of Han."

It is with the adventures that befell Jan Po on this perilous expedition that the story is principally concerned. Written throughout in the first person, the novel is supposedly his own narrative, made up of a few letters and the diary he kept with such remarkable fulness and care. He was prepared for strange happenings; but nothing in his previous experience had made it possible for him even to imagine the existence of women like Mosulla, the beautiful slave girl, "born in a remote city called Mosul," and sent to him as a gift from the Wazir, or the reckless, self-willed, passionate young Queen of Balkh. And though he had been connected with the household of the young Prince Imperial, whose turbulent, headstrong disposition made him such a problem to the great men of the empire he would one day rule, he certainly did not dream of encountering him in Balkh, nor of what a wonderful drama of love and defiance and death was to result, a drama in which he himself was to

play a by no means unimportant part.

The book is colorful and interesting, though neither as colorful nor as interesting as it well might be. The characters are not convincing: behind Jan Po one is always conscious of the presence of the author, and Mosulla, the slave girl, is an entirely conventional heroine of romance. Less of their love story and more of the customs and affairs of Balkh would improve the book. The account of the long caravan trains loaded with silk is impressive, and there are some good bits of description.

COMPROMISE

COMPROMISE. By Jay Geizer. 273 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $2.

"COMPROMISE" is a more significant work than "Brass" or "Main Street." It offers a solution to a familiar problem, spading up meanwhile many illusions. For the women of France, England, Russia, this solution in "Compromise" is an old gown; for the women of America it is not so frayed a garment.

Joan is a hypersensitive girl and woman. The reader follows her from childhood in the ancestral home of the Trevores, as an adopted daughter out of an orphan asylum, up through the bitter realizations that rise with the years. Life is not what she expects; in her youth she is constantly suffering through odious comparisons; the legitimate children of the home begin and end by snatching everything from Joan; but invariably, whenever he is on hand, Grandfather Trevore takes her part. But this, spiritually, is to no avail. The time arrives when she feels she is an outsider and must look to herself for refuge and to nobody else. An excursion as an employe in a department store proves conclusively to her the limitations and solititude of every life. The vivid portrait of Nera the maid and the consequences of her love of life—these are masterful.

Mark held within himself the mysterious and dreadful power which had changed gay, laughing Nora to that white stranger upon the floor upstairs.

The explanations and condemnations of Miss Robertson are vividly put:

Men can put women out of mind for long stretches of time, existing as a sex entirely separate, and returning for passionate interludes which are at most only interludes. But women, forced to exist as a separate sex, are neither satisfactory nor satisfied. Even the few who achieve a personal success end by becoming defeminized if they lead a life devoid of masculine contact.

And, further:

There is no freedom for women! Make the best terms with life you can. Perhaps there are a lot of successful women, but there aren't a lot of happy successful women.

How the Trevores' lack of discipline over their own children reacts to Joan's disadvantage is shown by her loss of Chan, a loss that revives her instincts and wounds frightfully. Flowers in the garden of life are always chameleons. The reader is impressed so profoundly by Mrs. Geizer's compact story that everything seems quite as it should. She has this first novel well in hand; the reins never entangle under the horse's tail; there is no touch of artificiality; no need for a whip.

CHILDREN OF LONELINESS

CHILDREN OF LONELINESS. By Anzia Yezierska. With frontispiece. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

THE title of the first article in this collection of articles and short stories, "Mostly About Myself," would have been far more appropriate for the volume than the one chosen. For it is almost always about herself that Anzia Yezierska writes, though in this book she has at least avoided some of the more obvious absurdities of her earlier novel, "Salome of the Tenements," by keeping, for the most part, strictly to the kind of people and the kind of life she really knows and understands. Her gift is not creative; she is a reporter and an autobiographist rather than a fiction writer. What she has herself seen, felt and suffered—especially suffered—she can set before the reader vividly and with no small degree of force. Her heroes and heroines are all very much alike—passionate, emotional, unrestrained, intensely egotistical, living, it would seem, always on the verge of hysteria, possessed of a really extraordinary belief in their own abilities, and with that "artistic temperament" which Gilbert Chesterton so admirably diagnosed as a disease which afflicts amateurs.

The book contains an interview with the author, seven short stories and three avowedly autobiographical articles, these last being the most interesting portion of the volume. The tale which gives the book its title "Children of Loneliness" pictures vividly that tragedy which is the gulf between the immigrant parents, still clinging to the old ways, and their "Americanized" children. Yankev Ravinsky and his hard-working wife had staked all their hopes on their daughter Rachel. But after four years at college Rachel found her parents' table manners unendurable. "To think that I was born of these creatures! It's an insult to my soul. * * * They're ugly and gross and stupid. I'm all sensitive nerves." But when she went to live by herself Rachel was very lonely. The American-born Frank Baker proved unable to understand her—Anzia Yezierska's heroes and heroines are strong on being "understood"—and she presently decided: "I can't live with the old world and I'm yet too green for the new. I don't belong to those who gave me birth or to those with whom I was educated." Rachel's old perents and their squalid surroundings are clearly seen and reproduced; their pain is beyond all doubt the anguish which has come to many who have found themselves despised by their children.

Several of the stories have to do with Hannah Breineh's lodging house and its inmates. One of these was Sophia Sapinsky, a Russian Jewess, cook in an east side restaurant, who wrote a short story with the top of a potato barrel for a desk and won the $500 prize.

The book has a value because of the vivid picture it gives of life on the east side, among the immigrants, their hopes and fears and way of looking at things—especially at the hated "charities." It has color and a dramatic quality which, if it frequently slips into melodrama, nevertheless gives effectiveness to many of its scenes.

THE DREAMS OF CHANG

THE DREAMS OF CHANG. By Ivan Bunin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IVAN BUNIN'S introduction to the English-reading public was made, felicitously enough, with "The Gentleman From San Francisco," an astonishingly fine piece of objective description which yet contained a symbolism that was easily conveyed to the reader. This story is to be found in "The Dreams of Chang," a volume in which the Russian has brought together fifteen of his shorter efforts, and it still stands out as the best thing that Bunin has done. The other tales, excepting a few which appeared in the little volume that originally introduced "The Gentleman From San Francisco," are offered in English guise for the first time, and from them a rather comprehensive understanding of Bunin's art is to be gained. Like most of these greater Russians who preceded him, he is a realist in the fullest sense of the word, a craftsman who fashions the incidents in his narratives with that adjusted ease that adds so much to the lifelike qualities of his characters. And, again like most Russian writers, a somewhat sombre symbolism threads his stories.

In spite of his realistic leanings, there is a deal of poetry and fine writing to be discovered in his work, and this side of his art is heightened by the subject matter of some of the tales in which the action is laid in the Far East. Ceylon, for instance, is a favorite country with him, and in "Brethren," a study which, with "The Dreams of Chang" itself, comes perilously near "The Gentleman From San Francisco" in excellence, he has created a narrative that often swings into sheer poetry. It is but the tale of a riksha runner whose promised child-wife is taken from him and who eventually kills himself with a poisonous snake, but it takes on a symbolic quality through the juxtaposition of the primitive young Ceylon runner and a jaded white man who has traveled all over the world to escape the terror of life. The careful description of the day that these two men pass with one another as servant and silent white master displays to the fullest extent the undoubted artistry which Bunin carefully employs.

Bunin, it may be guessed, passed some time in the Far East, presumably on ship, for his descriptions of vessels and high seas (they occur frequently in his stories) are set down with an unmistakable touch of authenticity. In "The Dreams of Chang," a story in which the visions of the starving dog of a starving master are set forth, we get this sense of the sea. Chang's master was originally a ship's Captain, and through Chang's fitful, broken visions the reader gets a glimpse of the domestic tragedy which has transformed the master from a dapper officer to an unshaven derelict. "Brethren," "The Dreams of Chang" and "The Gentleman From San Francisco" form a trio of stories which would make the reputation of any writer, but second only to them, in sustained excellence are such tales as "The Son," "Light Breathing" and "A Compatriot," all tragic in their implications. It is, perhaps, the unforced quality in Bunin's stories which adds so much to their strength. The narrative runs along with a cold simplicity and rises almost imperceptibly to its climax. Indeed, the reader often reaches the climax and ends the tale before he is fully aware of how concentrated and inevitable it all is.

THE SCARLET MACAW

THE SCARLET MACAW. By G. E. Locke. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.90.

IN spite of an occasional crudeness in writing and a clumsiness in construction, "The Scarlet Macaw" is sufficiently supplied with suspense and unexpected incidents to qualify as an interesting detective story. It does not belong to the higher category of the mystery yarn—that proud plane upon which walk Sherlock Holmes and his peers—but it is cleverly enough conceived to while away a train journey or an empty evening. G. E. Locke fulfills the function of craft by establishing a puzzle in the reader's mind during the first chapter and then diverting suspicion from character after character until, at the very end, the person least suspected becomes the key to the situation. Like most detective stories, "The Scarlet Macaw" is concerned with a murder. This time it is the murder of a well-known London playwright who is found dead within her locked room, with a huge scarlet macaw crying, "Nella, Effinella" over her body, evidently in imitation of her dying shriek. The situations then pile up rapidly. There is the mysterious situation between the dead playwright and her supposed brother as an underplot, and growing from that is the further situation of the connection between this respectable playwright and an Italian criminal gang. Unexplained characters tease the reader's fancy; a sullen Italian butler, a strange woman who is always turning up under the plodding Scotland Yard detective's feet, a musician in a theatre orchestra, a fairylike creature that dances about all night. All these ingredients show that G. E. Locke is entirely conversant with the right material for a detective tale.

It is only in the handling that he is found somewhat at fault. The reader is troubled by a growing incredulity, and this is one of the feelings a really excellent detective story never arouses. The plausibilities must be sustained at all costs if the tale is to hold its own. Because Mr. Locke does not seem to be able to inject the right sort of reality into his story, his characters almost to a man ring hollow. After all, impossible as Sherlock Holmes is, the reader believes in him for the moment. One fault that Mr. Locke has is an extremely mediocre prose, and this rather aggravates the reader's sensation of unreality.

HARILEK

HARILEK. By "Ganpat." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

ONE of the oldest and safest methods of concocting an adventure yarn is to start three men after a hidden country in the middle of the Gobi Desert or the heart of black Africa or the centre of South America. Blessed with a good imagination the clever writer never fails to turn out something which will hold his readers to a high degree of absorption. This used to be the method of Rider Haggard, and even Conan Doyle sent his black-bearded Professor Challenger into South America after a Lost World. Gilbert Frankau did the same thing two or three years ago, sending his trio up through Cambodia, and last season a young English writer named Collins started his explorers through China and into Tibet after a lost nation which had descended from the followers of Alexander the Great. In "Harilek," written by an author who conceals himself under the pseudonym of "Ganpat," we have another such tale. This time, the three men—all strong, single and at loose ends since the great war—come up through Northern India to an aminous and hidden stone gate which shuts the world away from an isolated country in which the natives speak classic Greek and who seem to be the descendants of Alexandrian Greeks, much like the people in Mr. Collins's novel.

Whoever "Ganpat" is it may be speedily affirmed that he possesses all the requirements of the born writer of romantic adventure tales. His story moves at a great speed and with a high degree of veracity. It is evident that "Ganpat" is familiar with Northern India and that he has used many actual facts about the Punjabs in creating an air of truth for his strange tale. The three Englishmen, after a terrific journey of many days across the desert, discover the hidden land where the Sakae tribesmen are at war with the Shamans, the vindictive keepers of the gate. Flung into the midst of this strange war they pass through many wild adventures in which such figures take part as the bronze-haired Aryenis, who is quite as beautiful and strange as Rider Haggard's She; Henga, the stalwart leader of the Sakae bowmen (guns are unknown in this land), Philos and his pretty wife, Paulos the cripple, the ferocious Brown Sakae who side with the Shamans, and the degenerate Shamans themselves, quite the most fiendish tribe that the romantic novelist's brain has created in some time.

It is absurdly easy to become ridiculous in this type of fiction, to slip over the almost imperceptible line between plausibility and manifest impossibility. Therefore, it is saying much for "Ganpat" to affirm that the reader hardly doubts all the strange things he is reading until the book is put down and it comes over him that, of course, the whole story is based on foundations which have nothing at all to do with reason. Part of "Ganpat's" strength is to be found in his unusually fine style and the care he has taken to develop all of his characters in the most complete manner. Fact and fancy are intermingled with dexterity, and the result is a tale which most readers will violently wish were true even if it isn't. No writer of romance can do more than this.

A WEEK

A WEEK. By Jury Libedinsky, translated by Arthur Ransome. 247 pp. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

THE first translated novel of a young man who grew up under the Russian revolution might be of considerable importance if it had nothing else to recommend it. Since this one deals with the effects of communism on a small Russian town it has more than casual interest.

"A Week" has its basis in one of the presumably frequent struggles between "the party" and the bandits who are supported by the various opposing groups. A large group of characters is swiftly drawn, then carried through the miniature war. Most of them are Government officials, and most of them are killed before the end, where the officials are nevertheless victorious, their remnant setting forth earnestly to continue the work.

The story moves smoothly; intense sympathy is combined with the stolid relentlessness which characterizes much of the writings of Russia. Delicately interspersed are bits of fine nature description and simply told incidents of horror. There is no effort for contrast; in fact the effect is of a complete picture instead of mosiac. Amid the variety of emotions which the situation produces none is overemphasized, none is forced. Here are quite ordinary people among violent scenes which they must inevitably, and do, accept.

In the tenderness with which they are shown grasping for the ordinary experiences of love and friendship the ability of the author is most apparent. There is no unified plot, and no political point of view. The translation is a happy one.

UNDERTOW

UNDERTOW. By Henry K. Marks. 337 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

TREATMENT of the "momma's boy" in fiction has seldom gone beyond the delineation of the obviously comic attributes of the species. But Henry K. Marks in his new novel, "Undertow," goes deeper. He tackles the thing from a new angle and considers it in its serious and even tragic aspects. He might have called his story "The Fall of the House of Volmer," for it is with the disintegration of the whole family, of which the "momma's boy" forms but one unit, that his book deals. But he lays his chief emphasis on the part played in that general deterioration by the cloying and over-saccharine affection existing between Mrs. Volmer and her hopelessly effeminate son Ronnie.

"Twenty-five years of married life had brought the Volmers discord, disillusion and three children." Above the portal of their lower middle-class New York home, as a consequence, the old Dante inscription, "Forsake all hope, ye who enter here," might truthfully have found place. The husband, gross and greedy, a creature of appetite, who regards his now frail and faded wife with contempt and loathing, and who looks upon his three children as simply instruments to work his will. The mother, crushed by her husband's brutality, lives only in her hopes and dreams for her son. But the son, unnerved by fear of the father, takes to drugs. Faced by this same paternal oppression, the two girls of the family react at right angles. The elder and purely nega-

(Continued on Page 16)

On Sandpeep Island.

Drawn by Harold M. Brett for a New Edition of T. B. Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy." Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

New Lives of Burns and Carlyle

LONDON.

I WONDER to what extent Carlyle is read by the younger generation in America today? By the younger generation in England, I should say he is read not at all—which is so much the worse for the younger generation. But the fact remains that his books sell steadily, and in considerable quantities. How far this may be due to the fact that many of them are included as a matter of course in every series of reprinted classics, and are bought by people who think they ought to possess them, rather than by those who want to read them, I do not know. There is as much snobbishness about literature as about anything else, and one of the stages of fame that a book may reach is that no one will admit not having read it, while perhaps at the moment hardly any one reads it at all.

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But I cherish a fond belief that Carlyle is read in America. As one of the trustees for Carlyle's House in London — the delightful little dwelling in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was the earthly habitation of a very great man and the scene in which many great books were written, and which, when I enter it, always seems to breathe something of a ghostly dignity and peace—as a trustee of this house I know how much we count on the support of American visitors to London, and to what a large extent their contribution of the humble shilling which procures admission helps to make this little shrine self-supporting and free from debt. For that reason I think that two recently published books ought to be of interest to American at least as much as to English readers. One is the first volume of a new "Life of Carlyle" by David Alec Wilson, which promises to be definitive so far as fullness and documentary exactitude go, and to replace the unsatisfactory four volumes through which Carlyle has hitherto been imperfectly presented to the world by Froude. This volume, which is published in England by Messrs. Kegan Paul and in New York by E. P. Dutton, is entitled, "Carlyle Till Marriage," and deals with the years 1795 to 1826. When I say that the book ends on the afternoon of his wedding day, I make it plain that it has at least one of the qualities of the first instalment of a thrilling serial.

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THE ideal "life" of Carlyle is yet to be written. It would not be fair to judge Mr. Wilson's book until one has read it as a completed whole; but I can already see that, although it has very valuable qualities and very considerable merit, it is not going to be the ideal biography. For one thing, a sense of proportion seems to be missing; this first volume is too crowded with unimportant detail; worse still, it shows signs of special pleading. Mr. Wilson is so preoccupied with the errors and faults of other biographers that half the time he is arguing a brief against them rather than forgetting their existence and thinking about Carlyle himself.

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Personally, I am not one of those who regard everything that Froude wrote about Carlyle with horror and disgust. To those who know Carlyle's life and work intimately his four volumes are delightful reading, athough I admit that they may be not a little misleading to those who do not know him. Mr. Wilson promises, I think, to give the real material from which another and true life of Carlyle may be written; and in that case the faults of fullness and detail which I notice in this volume will matter very little. Few people seem to be able to write calmly about Carlyle, and Mr. Wilson is in that respect one of the many. He does not hesitate to let us know from the very first that he regarded Mrs. Carlyle, or rather Jane Welsh, as an artful minx, very much less beautiful and wonderful and clever and rich than she would have liked us to suppose. Well, well, that may all be quite true. But a biography of Carlyle must keep itself on more important lines than refuting such really unimportant errors.

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APPEARING at the same time, and a suitable companion, although on a much slighter scale, is Andrew Dakers's "Robert Burns," which is published by Chapman & Hall. This is an admirable monograph. Perhaps Burns is a person about whom people are able to write even less calmly than they write about Carlyle, and although Mr. Dakers has a very definite view of the character of the poet, his view is, I believe, the right one and should do much to dispel the somewhat unpleasant vapors through which it has been the fashion to view the character of Burns ever since Stevenson wrote his youthful essay. Through Mr. Dakers's book we see clearly the man who, as much as Shakespeare, as much as Milton, as much as Chaucer, stands in the direct succession of the true fathers of English letters. It is as a man as well as a poet that Mr. Dakers is happily successful in presenting Burns. His faults are by no means minimized, nor are they exaggerated; best of all, there is no attempt to present them as virtues. We are given the man as he was, and it is a noble although a tragic story. The brevity and simplicity of Mr. Dakers's style suit well this stark story of a life of hardship and bitterness, within which, in one brief smile of fortune, the imperishable flowers of poetry blossomed and flourished. If this book is not being published in America it ought to be.

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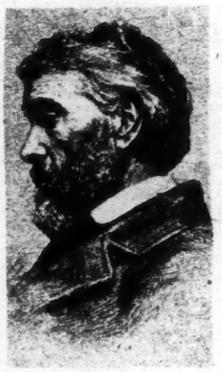
SINCE I referred to it a week or two ago I have read Liam O'Flaherty's book, "His Neighbor's Wife," published by Jonathan Cape, and for once it justifies the preliminary puff with which its publisher heralds it. When you find a new young writer avoiding all the faults of his contemporaries, beginning, so to speak, where they, if they are industrious and lucky, may leave off in ten or fifteen years, you may say that you are hailing a new master. Here is a book written about the Arran Islands which avoids all the desperate picturesqueness with which the people of that bare and remote region of Western Ireland have hitherto been invested. Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory all seem artificial, as indeed they are, beside this simple narrator who writes of really rather unusual people as if they were the most ordinary people in the world, without a trace of affectation, of self-consciousness or straining after effect and with an austere and bare economy of material that would have tempted most novelists into an explosion of embroidery and "fine writing." The story is one of the oldest in the world and could be told in six words. Mr. O'Flaherty tells it in some three hundred pages of simple and delightful narrative prose. I am already longing for his next book.

FILSON YOUNG.



Thomas Carlyle.

Mysterious Origin of Manon Lescaut

PARIS.

I DO not think that my private life enters the domain of the critic. I know that I am not a pure diamond, and I would just as soon be left to my own devices. My writings belong to the public. Any person who, without my permission, entertains the public with discussions as to my tastes, my acts, or my character, whether he condemns me, whether he excuses me, or whether he approves me, will be guilty toward me either of committing an error or an indiscretion." Thus George Sand a few years before her death in a letter to M. de Montferrand in reply to a request for some notes enabling him to publish a biography. It is surely a curious trick of fate that this letter should have come to light at the very moment when the publication of the correspondence between George Sand and Prince Jerome Napoleon is arousing so much interest in the world. It was discovered in an old catalogue of the Librairie Charavay in Paris.

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THE tomb of Manon Lescaut, near Portchartrain in Louisiana, is no doubt as empty as the tomb of Juliet in Verona, and the romantic figure of Abbé Prévost's heroine had no other origin than in the imagination of the author. That is the conclusion of Emile Henriot, the distinguished critic, whom recent discussion has prompted to learned argument. M. André Beauner some little while ago wrote about "les dessous de Manon Lescaut," deploring that despite painstaking research in contemporary archives there seemed little hope of ever discovering the real truth about the prototypes of Prévost's heroine and hero. M. Henriot's view is that there never existed a prototype for either, and his arguments seem conclusive and logical. He writes:

The truth about Manon Lescaut is a literary truth. The real Manon existed "in the heart of Abbé Prévost," whose life was romantic enough to enable him to discover there the not very complicated subject of his novel. Destined, like des Grieux, for the seminary, he too abandoned the seminary for love. Like des Grieux the son of a severe father who (as Saint-Beuve informs us) threatened to commit suicide if he broke his vows, Prévost, at the age of twenty-four, returned to the Benedictine cloister, driven into this tomb "by the unhappy end of a too tender love," and, like des Grieux, he there sought oblivion in study. And like his hero exiling himself into a foreign land, Abbé Prévost followed a Dutch adventuress to England, where it appears his experiences were far from happy. Is anything further needed to teach a novel writer where fate may lead in the wake of love? Here is the real source of Prévost's psychological truthfulness to life. He only needed a setting and a few accessory details to paint his picture. These he naturally found in the Paris of 1720, with its arrests of young girls, and the picture of wagon-loads of these unfortunates "chained six by six by the body" which he had seen passing through his native town of Pacy-sur-Eure on their way to Havre-de-Grace under the guard of archers, was fresh enough in his memory. However interesting it may be to search through the archives, is it not more economical to suppose that in order to be truthful it may sometimes suffice good writers to possess talent?

The Paris of 1720 to which M. Henriot alludes, and the mass arrests of unfortunates for transportation to the new American colonies, must indeed have sufficed to provide an almost unlimited amount of material for a novelist. In order to people the banks of the Mississippi or the West Indian Isles for the benefit of the "Compagnie des Indes," frequent raids were carried out in Paris during which all sorts of people were arrested for transportation. Among thieves and criminals and a few honest middle-class bourgeois were numbers of those young women of light virtue of whom Paris has always counted many. Some were even taken from the Salpetrière and from the woman's prison of Saint-Lazare, married in haste and, chained to their new-found husbands, sent to spend their honeymoon overseas. Many were, of course, the attempts to escape and the attempted rescues by friends. Many a bloody fight was waged with the archers on the road to Havre. Some of these unfortunates were not entirely lost to good feeling; many sobbed with shame as they were driven through the streets on their wagons. Among these repentant Magdalenes was, according to the archives, Mme. de Neufchese. Three times had she been interned in a convent, and three times had she fled to join her lover, until her mother finally herself begged the lieutenant of police to lock her up in the "hospital" and to send her to "Micicipy" to punish her for her lightness. As M. Henriot points out, Paris of 1720 must indeed have been full of stories in the nature of that of Manon Lescaut.

JAMES GRAHAM.

Memoirs of Harvard's Grand Old Man

HARVARD MEMORIES. By Charles W. Eliot. Illustrated. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1923.

THE President Emeritus of Harvard University has so long been himself a Harvard tradition, like Brattle Street and the Washington Elm, that it requires an effort of the mind to compass a time when he was not. "I first became well acquainted with the grounds and buildings of Harvard College in 1849, when I came hither as a Freshman," he writes, a year as far distant in the Harvard past, for the generation which now inhabits the Yard, as the first of the reign of King Tut-ankh-Amen. In those years, we read,

> the students—had no hot water whatever, unless they heated a pot at their own fire, * * * and very few did that. * * * But all the dormitories now have running water, and you can hardly imagine how great an improvement that has made in the manners and customs of Harvard students.

President Eliot's book, slight in volume as it is, appropriately set forth in crimson covers, will give much comfort to the Harvard alumnus, for whom it is evidently intended. It is very much a "family" book; the elder of the clan speaks to a new generation of the great days of his youth, and of how he kept that charge which is cut in the stone of the Johnston gate:

> After God had carried us safe to New England, one of the first things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity.

Later generations of Harvard students and alumni have forgotten that the Established Church of Massachusetts, the Congregational Church, with its later blossoming in the Unitarian faith, governed Harvard College for nearly a hundred years "with little change of purpose," that every President, during this time, was a Minister at the time of his election, and that the generation of laymen who became Presidents begins with Josiah Quincy—a "genuine" layman—in 1829. The Church of Cromwell's Independents, which was most responsible for the introduction of Cromwell's views of government in New England, nurtured Harvard College in her bosom.

No living Harvard man is better fitted than Dr. Eliot to define "Harvard tradition." It is, primarily, he says, a support of the "Liberal" side of affairs, a "temper among Harvard graduates to contribute to the public welfare." "Here is a Harvard tradition," says Dr. Eliot and the pin is thrust through the butterfly. And a second tradition like unto it is this: that "the college was committed (from the days of the Revolution) on the side of freedom in political conduct, and has remained so to this day. Another Harvard tradition." Graduates of other colleges than John Harvard's might parry the statement, with the argument that training for public welfare, tempered with freedom in political conduct among its graduates, is the very function and purpose of all universities, and has so remained since the days of the mediaeval universities—ever ready to take the field in behalf of "liberal" views. Harvard's service to the Republic, in its formative and in its later full-grown stage, is not that she alone fostered liberal views, but that Harvard, equally among many, worthily applied to each generation the liberalizing enlightenment of education and learning.

Dr. Eliot points out that the huge university of thousands of students is a late development, that no class numbered 10 until 1659, that no class reached 20 till 1690 and 1695, and that his own class, 1849, was the largest the college had ever had—87. In view of recent discussions about the growing size of the student body, the following paragraph has a special significance:

> Nobody now accepts numbers as conclusive evidence of the prosperity of any of the several divisions of an American university. It all depends on what kinds of students are admitted to the institution. Any university which desires to increase the number of students on its rolls can easily do so under the title University Extension. Never be guided by the number of students in a school or university in judging its quality.

A long chapter of anecdote and reminiscence, the second part of the book, "The Function of a University," adds little to our knowledge of the functions of Harvard College, and much to our knowledge of particular men who received its training. Ralph Waldo Emerson, we are told, "worked on the things that interested him, with companions of his choice, and college duties obstructed him hardly at all." Of Asa Gray, we learn that he "started the first Summer school ever held at Harvard, or indeed in the United States, his argument being that Summer was the time of the year when botany could best be studied by interested persons, either men or women."

The last half of the pages of the book abruptly becomes an "Album of Views of Harvard Before and After,"—the Yard; Harvard Square, as the centre of a country village, and Harvard Square grown up with a horse car marooned in the midst of it; Harvard Hall in three stages of ugliness; Boylston as a two-story building and again with a third over-laid upon it; and Gore Hall (now a memory), "with the first steel stack for books ever constructed."

Apropos the Widener Library, huge foster-child of gray and maidenly Gore Hall, Dr. Eliot digresses upon the subject of memorials:

> If the American public can be prevented from impetuously putting up ill-considered and inartistic monuments, you may have good chances to design during the next twenty years durable memorials to great public characters * * * who gave their lives to win for mankind justice, good-will, and peace.

Harvard men who remember the whistling steam radiators of Gore Hall, will echo Dr. Eliot's "may."

With a memory to draw upon which compasses so many years of the University, it is to be regretted that Dr. Eliot has not given us more of his own history of the college he guided so long.

T. S. BOSWORTH

Lord Curzon's fame as a political leader, as Viceroy of India and as a member of the War Cabinet, has rather obscured his earlier fame as a traveler. Yet he was at one time awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, and later became President of that society. In his "Tales of Travel," to be published shortly by Doran, he tells, among other things, of his experiences among the self-torturing fraternity of Kairwan, in the hinterland of Tunis; of his visit to Afghanistan in 1894 as the guest of the famous Amir Abdur Rahman Khan, and of his examination of the Colossus of Egyptian Thebes, known as the Vocal Memnon, which was said to sing when struck by the rays of the rising sun.

The Columbia University Extension Department has announced a course in the technique of the novel to be given by Dorothy Scarborough.

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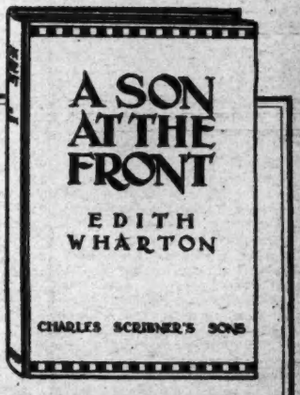

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

New York Birds

(Continued from Page 7)

and hermit thrush always arrive on the heels of the first hard frost, which in recent years at least has never been later than the 20th. After this date the bird life of the month is practically the same as that of March, plus those species of the earlier April groups, which are not purely insectivorous. * * *

We now come to the body of the book, a detailed biography of the 377 birds listed; with the excellent index, this covers 345 pages, about a page to each bird; the order of the American Ornithologists' Union Check List is followed.

First, a study of the bird, which takes for granted the kind of knowledge that may be gained, let us say, from Chester A. Reed's "Bird Guide," with its colored portrait of every bird and an outline description. We may illustrate these studies by a bird known to everybody:

The hummingbird is unique, and cannot be confused with any other of our local birds. Sphinx or hummingbird moths are, however, often mistaken for it. The tiny body lodges a strong personality, which is afraid of absolutely nothing and is subject to frequent outbreaks of bad temper, often on very slight provocation. It is a common Summer resident in the more rural and country districts of our area, scarce or absent near New York City. Breeding birds arrive around May 9 and depart about Sept. 15. The migration of transients is chiefly during the middle weeks of May and August, in which months the hummingbird reaches its maximum numbers.

The first sentence suggests a contrast: birds which may be confused with others, even by careful students. Just at this point Ludlow Griscom has done particularly good work. Take, for example, the Tennessee warbler:

In the first place, it never has an eye-ring, but always has a superciliary stripe, which is whitish or yellowish. The underparts vary from pure white to pale lemon yellow, never bright golden yellow or greenish. Finally, the under-tail coverts are always white. The song is a loud, strident chappering and is absolutely unmistakable.

This illustrates a wide study of field identification marks, which Ludlow Griscom will perhaps embody in a later book, which all bird students will eagerly welcome.

After the general study of each bird comes the part of the book which is most individual and distinctive; a carefully documented statement of the occurrences of each bird, in each of a half-dozen districts in the larger region, with the earliest and latest dates of its arrival and departure, and the name of the observer who supplied the dates. An immense amount of scrupulously accurate work has gone into these dated biographies.

Then, having liberated his soul, Ludlow Griscom meditates on what he has recorded, in the closing part of the Introduction. For example:

But if city blocks are contrasted with primeval forest, most of this area may be regarded as a half-way compromise. This compromise the great majority of our birds have accepted. While definite historical evidence is lacking, it is highly probable that most of the common species are far more abundant individually today than two hundred and fifty years ago. This is the invariable outcome of the sharp struggle for existence, precipitated by a suddenly changed environment. The failures disappear, the successful are rewarded in that they flourish as never before, and their unconscious goal, the maintenance of their race, is assured.

The history of Richard Harper Laimbeer's book, "Birds I Have Known," is, we surmise, something like this: living in the country, on the north shore of Long Island, and walking one morning among his trees, his attention was arrested, at first almost unconsciously, by the song of one of our familiar birds, a robin, a bluebird, a wood thrush, a house wren. Gradually, he became aware that something was being added to the store of his impressions, that a new element of beauty, hitherto unheeded, had made its way into his consciousness, and he halted for a long minute or two, to drink in this new quality of joy.

(Continued on Page 18)

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Wherever Books Are Sold

Van Loon's Own Bible

(Continued from Page 1)

32. And as they came out, they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name: him they compelled to bear his cross.

33. And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, that is to say a place of a skull,

34. They gave him vinegar to drink—

In all three synoptic gospels, Matthew, Mark and Luke, it is stated in slightly different words that Jesus did not bear His own cross.

The authority in the New Testament for the statement that Jesus bore His own cross lies in John xix., 16:

—And they took Jesus and led him away.

17. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of the skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha.

Why does Mr. Van Loon take the unsupported statement of John against the three synoptics combined? Of this McClymont, one of the authorities on Bible text, remarks: for himself, "Perhaps this is mentioned, though customary, to refute the Gnostic myth that Simon of Cyrene, who was compelled to relieve Jesus of his cross when his strength gave way, was crucified in his stead," Peake, another authority, says the same thing.

Is all this important in a book like "The Story of the Bible"? In Mr. Van Loon's account of how they first apprehended Jesus, instead of following the Bible text which records that "one of them which were with Jesus smote off the ear of the high priest" this incident is colored to read as follows:

At that moment Peter realized what was happening.

He grabbed the sword from the hand of one of the assailants and fiercely he hacked at him. He hit him on the side of the head and the blood spurted from a ghastly wound.

We might forgive all this, and more, if in a large way Mr. Van Loon had succeeded in correctly interpreting the book of the Bible as a whole. He is undoubtedly within his literary rights in paraphrasing atmospheres. For generations the Bible has been a veritable stamping ground for novelists and poets. Mr. Van Loon has not written his book for mystics or Methodists, for Baptists or Bryans, for learned theologians or intellectuals. It is a book for boys, a campfire Bible. And if Fenimore Cooper wrote "The Deerslayer" to advertise the American Indian and forest, why should not Mr. Van Loon write a book to advertise God, even if he uses the indirect method? For this reason: He has not drawn upon his admirable creative faculties enough to make his inaccuracies a work of art, but, according to a well-known formula, has produced a saxophone Bible which—if his intention be carried out—will be swallowed by the boys who read it as if it were the gospel truth.

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And therefore, when so many of our college professors consider it a moral obligation to write dull books, it seems too bad that the one lively exception should not be permitted to go his own pace unchecked.

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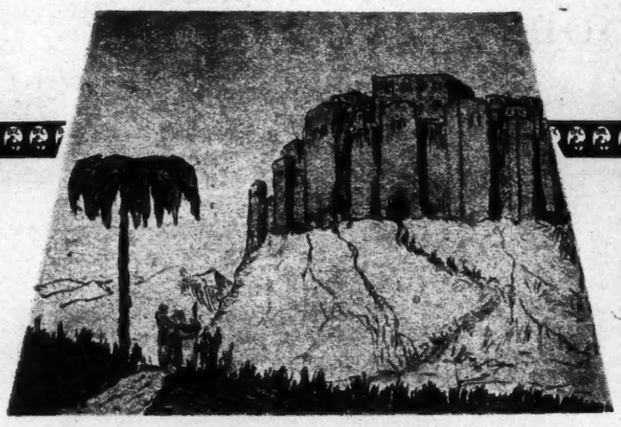

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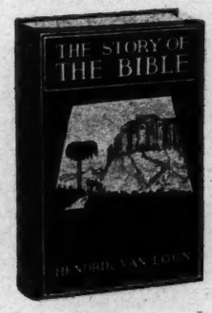

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Latest Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

tive Mary dries up and shrivels before the reader's eyes and becomes hardly more than a companion shadow to the ineffectual mother. The younger daughter, Florrie, the only one of the whole clan possessing any pretense to either good looks or definite character, puts up a fight for the right to live her own life. She enjoys the rapture and suffers the disillusionment of an irregular love affair, scorns her father to his face, and in the end takes to the stgeets.

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THE SHADOWY THIRD

THE SHADOWY THIRD. By Ellen Glasgow. 291 pp. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

IN these days when perturbed spirits refuse to rest, when they obey that impulse for self-expression even to the point of saying it with flowers, it is pleasant to come upon such well-behaved and considerate spooks as those who people the principal stories of Ellen Glasgow's "The Shadowy Third." But be it understood that Miss Glasgow refrains from adventuring deliberately into the pseudo-scientific side of psychic phenomena. She merely adopts the device—and in her hands it becomes a highly effective one—of making the dead who continue to live in the memory assume at times a visual form. Miss Glasgow accomplishes the transition so smoothly, and blends the natural with the unnatural so skillfully, that her tales lack entirely the self-consciousness and patent artificiality that one invariably associates with the ghost story. Indeed, the atmosphere and mood in "Whispering Leaves," for instance, or in "The Past" places the reader in such a receptive state of mind that he accepts the shifting of the image from the mental membrane to the retina as nothing glaringly untoward or even very much out of the way.

"The Shadowy Third" possesses all the well-rounded attributes of the deliberate "plot" story, and the interest centres upon machinations that are of the earth earthy rather than upon the ethereal visitor. "Whispering Leaves," on the other hand, shows Miss Glasgow's method developed to its nth power. Here the natural and the unnatural actually seem to merge. The incident has to do with an imaginative and highly sensitive child. Death deprived him in infancy of his mother's care, and death again, just before the story opens, took from him the negro "mammy" who had filled successfully the mother's place. But so potent is the memory of the old negress in the lad's mind that it is to him as if she really lived, and he feels at all times conscious of her continued care and solicitude. The tale culminates in the assumption that this continued watchfulness from beyond actually saves the boy's life. Proof of the method's success lies in the reader's ready reaction, "Well, why not?"

Not all of Miss Glasgow's stories, by any means, deal with the supernatural. She gives her readers a varied assortment. One, for instance, "A Point in Morals," propounds and proceeds to do its best to solve, the original problem, whether or not, in any circumstances, the saving of a human life may become positively immoral. Another, "Jordan's End," has to do with the attitude toward inherited insanity. But all have at least one point in common. They deal with life at great moments. For Miss Glasgow's characters there is no even tenor. They have no life as calm and unworried members of society. Whether they are "shadowy thirds" who have carried into the next world the traits and feelings that have got the better of them in this, and are obliged to "work them off somewhere," or whether they are flesh and blood mortals tearing at the mesh of circumstances that has caught them, their life's spark burns before us always at white heat. "The Shadowy Third" remains in the memory as a collection of "high moments."

MORE LIVES THAN ONE

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By Carolyn Wells. 241 pp. New York: Boni & Liveright. $2.

THE suggestion that a good mystery may be used to enliven social criticism might be of immense value to certain writers; it is not quite so clear that social criticism does not deaden good mystery. However, in about thirty pages Miss Wells gives over the business of condemning wives who play bridge for money, "conventional" mothers-in-law, artists who are not primarily interested in art; and then the plot begins to move with some consistency through its Greenwich Village atmospheres. There are occasional relapses, but in an almost slender story which fills a book they may be necessary.

The essential conditions are nicely fulfilled: guilt for murder is clearly placed in the beginning, and then cleverly shifted from hero to heroine until it returns to the proper miscreant in the end. There are few thrills and there is practically no horror, but there are suspense and complication. An almost novel use of mistaken identity comes in effectively; the stock tricks which are sometimes used do not jar.

The detective, who is not introduced until late in the game, is somewhat disappointing. A real detective, now, should be either some one with a buckled cap who makes minute examinations by magnifying glass and finds his solution through the affinity of the villain for a brand of toothpaste; or else a suave gentleman who gives a casual glance at the situation and explains it all while discussing Chinese philosophy with his assistant. Lorrimer Lane is entirely without color or interest; he is introduced because of the time-worn platitude that the authorities are invariably stupid. Hutchins, the police detective, is excellent until betrayed by the author into impossibly foolish blunders.

There are not many loose ends, although it is difficult to say just why no effort is made to find the owners of a pair of blood-stained Parisian gloves before the end of the story. Otherwise the game is faithfully played. The actual plot, which after all is the main thing about a detective story, is a finely constructed pattern which unravels very smoothly.

THE CONQUERED

THE CONQUERED. By Naomi Mitchison. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

MRS. MITCHISON has found a new field for historical fiction, one that affords a picturesque background for its setting and heroic deeds for its incidents. For she has gone back to the wars of Caesar in Gallia and found her hero among the freedom-loving Gauls of the coast tribes. Her story runs through a decade or more of the last century before Christ and most of its action takes place in the region of the tribe of the Veneti, in later days to be called Brittany, although now and then it moves to Rome, or wanders to other parts of Gaul, or to the British Isles. Among its characters is the chieftain Vercingetorix, whose influence is important in the development of the plot, although the reader sees very little of him in person.

The hero is Meromic, son of the chief of the Veneti, Kormiac the Wolf. But of almost equal consequence in the development of the story is Titus Veturius Barrus, grandson and heir of a wealthy Roman land owner, educated, a lover of books, who goes to the wars in Gaul and becomes one of Caesar's important officers. It happens that he is taken captive by the Veneti and during his captivity sees Meromic, the young barbarian, who is of his own age. But he soon escapes and later on Meromic becomes a captive, is taken to Rome to be sold as a slave and is bought by Titus's grandfather. About to be killed by torture, he is saved by Titus and taken into his service.

The basic theme of the story is concerned with the curious friend-

(Continued on Page 19)

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New York Birds

(Continued from Page 12)

From listening, he came to watching; first the form and color, and then the individual movements and personality of these birds, which he had so happily rediscovered, began to write themselves among his mind images, always with the same element of joy.

Eager observation soon showed him that there were far more kinds of birds than he had at first imagined, and of far more varied form and color and personal manner. Then he realized that, while the unaided eye shows much, still more might perchance be discovered with the help of a good glass; and, unearthing a forgotten race-glass, he was soon fairly launched as a bird student, still confining himself almost wholly to the same country place on Long Island.

Personal sympathy with the birds, personal relations, sometimes ripening into friendship, with the less shy and more confiding birds followed, especially with those whose taste in viands was easily met. And we have many intimate incidents, well illustrated by snapshots which give the book its main substance.

Then came a wish to know more of birds, a wish fulfilled by reading, and to this succeeded a warm wave of larger sympathy, not limited to the birds of his own lawns and trees, his personal friends, but going out to the whole world of birds, many of which have fared hardly at the hands of mankind. A sympathy not sterile, but leading to an enthusiastic participation in the many movements for the safeguarding of our birds, which have already accomplished much, and which will do much more.

Then came the inspiration which led to the writing of this book. There must be others, and many, who, while they know and care nothing about birds as yet, nevertheless have it in them both to know and to care. To them this book, with its message of effective sympathy, is addressed; and for them the author has gathered together such facts regarding the habits of birds, their distribution and migrations, as he himself found most interesting. And, finally, he added a general description and a colored plate of each of fifty birds, which any one with eyes and ears may reasonably hope to identify in his first Spring of bird study.

Effective sympathy, rather than complete information, is Mr. Laimbeer's aim, and his book seems well planned to accomplish just what he has had in mind to do. A quotation will illustrate this quality of sympathy:

> The most friendly of all the birds on our visiting list was a Towhee, and while there is no way of determining it by conclusive proof, I am satisfied that he returned to us in the Spring of each year, for in the second year, on the day of our arrival in April, in answer to the call of Mrs. Laimbeer, who stood in the roadway a few feet from the house, he emerged from the woods about ten feet away and flew up on her outstretched hand, where he found a few cornbread crumbs for which he had the year before shown a great fondness. * * * He returned to us three Summers, spending in all four Summers at our house.

The book has its obvious limitations. Though the author's house is on the shore, we believe at Port Jefferson, he has almost nothing to say of the shore and sea birds, waders, ducks, gulls and so on, which have their definite appeal. Birds seen in Prospect Park are named on pages 134 to 138; the actual list is twice as long. The question, how many years birds live, which Mr. Laimbeer considers unanswerable, is really in process of being answered through the practice of bird-banding.

The index leaves a good deal to be desired. We looked through it, to see how many of the Long Island birds Mr. Laimbeer described; we were startled to find such birds as Audubon's warbler, the black-headed grosbeak and the golden-crowned sparrow, all Western birds, included. The explanation is simple. These Western birds, and many more, are included in the list of the birds which frequent various fruit-bearing bushes, published by the Department of Agriculture and incorporated by Mr. Laimbeer in his book. But there are other real errors in the index.

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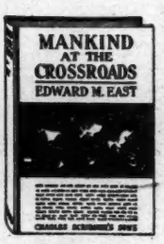

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(Continued from Page 16)

ship that springs up between these two, master and servant, educated patrician Roman and honored officer of the army and half-wild barbarian with the sound of forests and sea waves ever in his heart and the inborn spirit of the Druids in his blood. The way in which this friendship is born and develops and the course it takes form the springs of much of the action of the plot and add much interest to the story. There is real literary achievement in the portrayal of Meromic. The author's success with her hero is all the more notable because it is always a difficult and doubtful matter for a child of civilization to attempt to portray understandingly and convincingly character that is the outgrowth of so different a life and heredity. But Mrs. Mitchison makes real and convincing both his barbarian and his racial heritage. Throughout he is the child of his birth and breeding, given to outbursts of justified wrath, to quests of vengeance, to love of freedom, to sudden impulses, with a strain of mysticism likely to manifest itself at any moment. He stands out through the story, a very real person and a very real barbarian, and he enlists the reader's interest and sympathy at the beginning and holds them to the end.

Mrs. Mitchison's stage is crowded with people of great variety—army officers and soldiers, Roman citizens and slaves of many nationalities, barbarian chiefs from the more civilized south of Gaul as well as from the ruder north and from Britain, their followers, the women of both Roman and barbarian households. There are heroic incidents, brave and daring deeds, acts of cruelty and of kindness—all that contrast needed for effective fiction. And out of this material the author has made an interesting story against a colorful background, a background that in its essentials seems as accurately as it is graphically pictured. True, she frequently forgets in the conversation of her people, especially in their expletives, that they are not modern Britons. The result is an often jarring note that seems the more regrettable because of the care and the excellence with which otherwise she has recreated the time and the scene.

Lord Charnwood's Roosevelt

(Continued from Page 3)

he creates a quite illusory sense of platitude. From the creation of this effect Roosevelt never shrank; he early became confirmed in the way of addressing simple hearers in a simple, straightforward fashion, and possibly he carried the method into fields where a mode of expression more tempered and less naïf would have been better relished.

Roosevelt's attitude toward the war occupies the closing pages. In the antagonism between Roosevelt and Wilson the author is all for the former. In his eyes Wilson's "singular and powerful figure appears an evil figure, which it may be right to pity but cannot be right to admire." Roosevelt, as a public man, found himself allowed to do nothing worthy except to reiterate warnings and protests, after the President had refused him permission to raise and equip a division of volunteers for service in France. However, the embarrassment that would have been occasioned by a dominant personality in a secondary place can be imagined with no great effort.

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The volume has two supplementary features that deserve notice. There is a chronology at the front, arranged by Hermann Hagedorn, director of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, with apposite paragraphs culled from Roosevelt's own writings. At the back there is a long facsimile letter written in an intimate tone to an East African friend and brought to light during the recent turmoil in Ireland, where the lady lives.

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Books and Authors

FRANK SWINNERTON comes to the United States in November on a lecture tour which will keep him busy until early in 1924. His new novel, "Young Felix," will be published immediately by Doran. In a letter to his publisher Mr. Swinnerton says of this book:

Some passages in the early chapters are autobiographical, as also is the last scene of all. I don't want to stress the autobiographical note, as this is bound to be enlarged on by reviewers and will give a wrong impression of the book. The aim I had was to write a chronicle novel, about serious and tragic things, and squalid as well (as the mixture often is in life), but lightened by the rather buoyant personality of the central character and the variety of persons straying in and out of the book. I wanted the book to have the air of life, but also of happy life intermingled with the disasters, or seeming disasters, that mold character. I can't tell if I have succeeded, but that was the idea.

Two other Swinnerton books, critical studies of R. L. Stevenson and George Gissing, are on Doran's Fall list. These were published in England some ten years ago, and the Stevenson book, in particular, was the subject of much controversy. Both these books have been thoroughly revised by the author for the American edition.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce Katharine Dayton's "Loose Leaves" as "a rollicking kaleidoscope of modern life in the United States, England and New Jersey." That is a cruel slam at the sovereign State of New Jersey, but what else can one expect of Long Islanders?

The Forest Theatre of Carmel, Cal., offers a prize of $100 for an original play suitable for presentation on its outdoor stage during the Summer of 1924. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the Secretary, Mrs. V. M. Porter, before Feb. 1, 1924.

Putnams have just brought out the first volume of "Wonders of the Past," edited by J. A. Hammerton, a book on archaeology for the general reader. It will be complete in four volumes.

Colonel "Buffalo Bill" Cody and General Custer are characters in Courtney Riley Cooper's "The Last Frontier," a historical novel of the old West at the time of the building of the Kansas-Pacific Railway. Little & Brown are the publishers.

John Masefield's new poetic drama, "A King's Daughter," which Macmillans are publishing late this month, tells the tragic story of Jezebel, Queen of Samaria. Mr. Masefield's prose tale, "The Taking of Helen," based on the story of Helen of Troy, was brought out recently in a limited autographed edition.

Hendrik van Loon's publishers, Boni & Liveright, announce that his "The Story of Mankind" is repeating in England the sensational success which it had in this country. "The Story of the Bible" is to be brought out there also, but not until after its publication in America.

What London was like in the days of the Romans is described by W. R. Lethaby in "Londinium: Architecture and Crafts," published by Messrs. Duckworth & Co. The author describes the various discoveries of Roman tools, pottery and buildings, discusses the problems of topography and origins of the city, and suggests restorations for several incomplete monuments.

Berta Ruck, whose novel, "The Dancing Star," has just been published by Dodd, Mead, says that she would rather swim the English Channel than write the best selling novel ever published.

In connection with the publication by Boni & Liveright of the first American edition of Charles M. Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta," it is of interest to note that during the war this book, which was then out of print, was considered so vital to the successful conduct of the British campaigns in Arabia and Mesopotamia that owners of the rare volumes were called upon as a patriotic duty to contribute their treasures. Even so, copies were so scarce that as a military emergency a special edition was being prepared when the war ended. In getting out the present edition Boni & Liveright are co-operating with Jonathan Cape and the Medical Society of London.

The publication of Harold Donaldson Eberlein's "Manors of the Hudson," which Lippincott has scheduled for this Fall, has been postponed until 1924. The book will be in keeping with Mr. Eberlein's previous book, "Villas of Florence and Tuscany."

Arrangements have been made by Knopf for the publication of "Ornaments in Jade" by Arthur Machen, "Children of the Age" by Knut Hamsun, "At Mrs. Beam's" by C. K. Munro, "Contemporary French Literature," by René Lalou, and "The Old and New Germany" by John F. Coar.

The fourth volume of Frank Harris's "Contemporary Portraits" is announced for early publication by Brentano's. Richard Wagner, Leonard Merrick, Matisse, Turgenief, Charlie Chaplin and Senator La Follette are among the celebrities discussed in it.

Miss Alice Moore, who has been living in Peking, China, for the last five or six years, and who is an enthusiast over Chinese cooking, has written a book of "Chinese Recipes" in the form of letters from herself to Ethel Moore Rook. The book is announced for publication early in November by Doubleday Page.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, author of that standard guide, "The Care and Feeding of Children" (Appleton), is on his way to China, where he will remain for a year doing medical research work in the interests of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. Holt landed in Japan two days after the earthquake.

A little known region of America is described in Charles Frederick Stansbury's posthumous work, "Lake of the Great Dismal," announced for late October by Lieber & Lewis. The book is fully illustrated and contains an introduction by Don Marquis and a frontispiece by César.

Heinemann of London has secured from Boni & Liveright the English rights for Ben Hecht's novel, "The Florentine Dagger."

A new three-volume set of Sara Teasdale's poems, bound in leather, has just been published by Macmillan. It includes "Flame and Shadow," "Rivers to the Sea" and "Love Songs." It will be remembered that "Love Songs" won the $500 prize offered by Columbia University for the best book of poems by an American published during the year.

In "Shakespearean Music in the Plays and Early Operas," recently brought out by Duttons, Sir Frederick Bridge discusses the original music that formed part of the earliest presentations of Shakespeare's plays and the music that was written for them later on in the seventeenth century. The author, who is emeritus organist of Westminster Abbey, King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London and Gresham Professor of Music, has devoted much study to the music of Shakespeare's day and to obtaining correct versions of the vocal and instrumental music for which provision is made in nearly all of Shakespeare's plays.

Frank Tannenbaum is on his way to Mexico to gather material for a series of articles for the Century Magazine. A collection of his recent essays, under the title of "The Darker South," will be published by Putnams in the Spring. They are studies, based on personal investigation, of prisons in the South, the Ku Klux Klan and other problems peculiar to the South.

Aldous Huxley's new novel, which Doran will publish in November, bears the curious title, "Antic Hay," taken from two lines in Marlowe:

My men, like satyrs, grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay.

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Current Magazines

R. THURSTON HOPKINS contributes to The London Graphic for Oct. 13 a brief article on "Mr. Kipling at Home," which gives such an interesting picture of the author and the surroundings amid which he lives that we cannot resist the temptation to quote it in full:

> Mr. Rudyard Kipling is engaged on a new book which is to be a *vade mecum* for Boy Scouts. Every day he is to be seen striding along the Sussex roads with an angler's fishing basket on his back and a stout ash stick in his hand. In the basket he is collecting the uncommon grasses and ferns of the countryside, which, doubtless, will be given a special section in his book.
>
> Mr. Kipling lives a secluded life at his impressive old Elizabethan home at Burwash, and the altars of our great modern idols, Bustle and Publicity, receive no sacrifices from him. He likes to potter about his farms, asking the laborers odd questions, looking over his prize Jersey cattle, and trimming his wonderful box hedges. He seems to have a just horror of clever people, and much prefers the mellow humor of the country people to the loquacious briskness of Londoners. To his bailiff he is fond of quoting a Sussex proverb, which is most truly characteristic of the countryman's taciturnity: "Every time a sheep baas, he loses a bite."
>
> Sussex holds a very foremost position in Mr. Kipling's affections, and the little details of country life attract him surprisingly. "What kind of a man is Mr. Kipling?" an American tourist asked one of the workers on his estate, expecting to hear something that might hint at the magic of his books. "Mas' Kipling," replied Hodge, "is the kind o' man who, if he sights a thistle or a dock on his land, will walk two mile and better for his spud to dig it out."
>
> Few travelers ever penetrate into the strange, medieval country round about Dallington, Burwash, Weald and Brightling, which has served as a background for so many of the Kipling stories and songs. It is a mysterious land, traversed neither by highroads nor railways. Only by unfrequented bridle tracks and lanes dipping below banks of undergrowth does one light upon these little "bits" of England, which are still bathed in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. Here at Marklye and Rushlake Green, toward the south behind Dallington—the scene of Kipling's story "Marklake Witches"—the belief in witchcraft holds its ground very firmly.
>
> At the Bell Inn, Burwash, when the rustic pours more water on the whisky than rightly corresponds to the quantity of liquor, he says he has "drowned the miller," an expression that has been kept alive by the water-mills on the Dudwell which Kipling has so faithfully reserved. In the time of the floods the miller, to whom water was the very "breath of life," often got a little too much of the river and was practically drowned in his own dam. Thus the expression to "put the miller's eye out." The paths in Kipling's garden are all made from the disused grindstones of the Dudwell Mills, and the house itself is of weather-beaten stone, and was built in 1634, as a slab in the deep oak-lined porch proclaims.
>
> All the guns used in the Tudor navy were forged at and around Burwash, and a long succession of Sussex iron-founders are buried in the churchyard. Kipling's house was built by an Elizabethan forgemaster, and the author in his story "Hal o' the Draft" has given a true account of the gun foundries. Another house built by an iron-founder is to be seen at Buxted Park, a quaint square battlemented building, called Hog House, with an iron hog and 1581 carved over the door. It was the residence of the Hogge and Huggett family, of whom Ralf Hogge, in 1543, cast the first iron cannon made in England:
>
> Master Huggett and his man John
> They did cast the first cannon.

In the November Century Glenn Frank discusses, under the heading "Sackcloth and Cymbals," Mr. H. G. Wells's prediction that the world is about to trade its sackcloth for cymbals and enter an era of humor. Mr. Frank also quotes Dean Inge, who foresees the possibility of a new Dark Age, and A. R. Orage, who looks forward to a new Renaissance. Mr. Frank's view of the situation is this:

> The whole world today is in a mood of transient hysteria. And this hysteria is only another way of saying that the world is woolgathering. On the first day a man

(Continued on Following Page)

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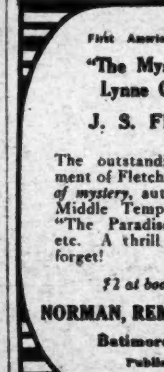

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Current Magazines

(Continued from Preceding Page)

returns from his vacation and finds his desk piled high with a hundred details awaiting his decision, he is likely to spend the day nibbling at the edges of the pile, knowing hardly where to begin, and coming to the end of the day with an irritating sense of futility. The next day he is likely to pull himself together and do more work than he ordinarily does in two days. Just so the end of the war found the world's desk piled high with a thousand and one problems all crying for instant solution. No wonder the world threw up its hands and left the office. No wonder Parliament has been deserted for the music hall. No wonder the world is tempted to say, "We'd as well go in for an era of fun. We can't manage all this. We're swamped." But this is just the time for statesmen, prophets and publicists to refuse to spend their energies in dire prediction or on recipes for diversion, and to undertake the simple analysis of this wool-gathering mood of the world. A dozen minds doing that might help give the world fresh confidence that, after a good night's sleep, it may after all be equal to the pile of problems on its desk. Our leaders just now need to use the simple psychology of the old-fashioned family physician; instead they are frightening mankind with a medley of separate and partial diagnoses.

The era of fun that Mr. Wells suggests may be sinister or it may be salutary. It is not a very happy outlook if the race is to achieve no more than a moral laziness that enables it to go to hell gayly. This will be the outcome if the era of fun means only that humanity is looking for escape. If we turn to fun as a dope-fiend turns to dope, to forget our troubles, humor will flit across the present night of disorder like a firefly, ornamenting but not illuminating the darkness. But there is a laughter of understanding as well as a laughter of escape. In its periods of greatest achievement the race has always been good-humored. "The mother of debauchery," as Nietzsche said, "is not joy, but joylessness." We are today in possession of all the knowledge and power we need to establish social control, but we lack the poise, the sense of relative values. A freshened sense of humor will help us to achieve poise and also to avoid an undue emphasis of one aspect of life at the expense of the others. The era of fun will be redemptive if it enables us to avoid the pathological seriousness of the reformer and to go gayly to the task of reconstruction.

A new Booth Tarkington novel, "The Midlander," begins in the October Ladies' Home Journal. Albert Payson Terhune's "The Amateur Inn" is concluded, and there is an instalment of Christine Jope-Slade's "The House of Broken Dreams." Short stories by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Margaretta Tuttle, Bernice Brown, Corra Harris, Roland Pertwee and Blanche Brace make up the rest of the fiction menu. Among the special articles may be mentioned: "Henry David Thoreau," by William Lyon Phelps; "Footlights and Spotlights," by Otis Skinner; "The Vanishing Country Doctor," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Does the Public Know What It Wants?" by Charles Chaplin; "The Younger Generation and Religion," by John Farrar; "The High Cost of Babies," by S. Josephine Baker, M. D.; and articles on the World Court by Charles A. Selden and William E. Borah.

H. C. McNeile is represented in the October McClure's by an instalment of his Bulldog Drummond serial, "The Third Round," and by a short story entitled "The Seven Missionaries." Other short stories in this number are by Leonie Rose, H. Bedford-Jones, Rebecca Hooper Eastman, Charlton L. Edholm, Ledyard M. Bailey and Phoebe H. Gilkeyson. Joe Mitchell Chapple writes on "Discovering Alaska with President Harding." Harry A. Mount reports an interview with General James A. Fries on "The Truth About Poison Gas." Zoe Beckley, in an article entitled "New Faces for Old," tells of the wonders of the new plastic surgery, and Orville M. Kile discusses agricultural conditions under the heading, "The Farmer at the Crossroads."

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Brief Reviews

MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE

MEMORIES OF THE FUTURE. Being Memoirs of the Years 1915-1972, Written in the Year of Grace 1988, by Opal, Lady Porstock. Edited by Ronald A. Knox. 240 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.

THERE are few literary forms more difficult of interesting achievement than that of prophecy. And when to this is added the aim of satirizing the present time by means of these future events the enterprise becomes one which any but the most confident author is likely to approach with fear and trembling. Mr. Knox was a brave man to attempt the task of writing the "Memoirs of Lady Porstock," as she is supposed to survey her long and active life when this twentieth century is nearing its end. He has handicapped himself, so far as the reader's interest is concerned, by the amount of detail in which he indulges and by the excessive wordiness of his narrative. Perhaps he intended both of these features to be a part of his spirit of satire, but they make deadly dull large sections of his book. Often he achieves good effects rather subtly by the indirect method of having Lady Porstock write casually of the social customs of her younger days in comparison with those of fifty or sixty years later. And the way in which she speaks in matter-of-fact style, as of a thing made usual and almost stale by custom, of some egregious development of present tendencies is very effective, quite the best and most amusing feature of the book.

The development of feminism takes a prominent place in the book's scheme, and so Lady Porstock is always in the thick of things, engaging in business and Parliamentary battles and having a public career. She visits America in 1944 and tells how the Anglo-American entente, which is then at its zenith, was brought about. The British Government had discharged its war debt by bestowing on the United States a large number of peerages, dukedoms, baronetcies and other honors which had been balloted for in hotly contested elections in this country, with the entries bargained for at high prices. She meets one of the successful candidates, falls in love with him, speaks to his mother about it, and takes her husband over to England to live. She finds in Salt Lake City that "a woman may consider herself ipso facto divorced if her husband forgets to shut the door."

Lady Porstock was born in 1915, during what she calls "the Five Years' War," and the world seems to have had general peace until 1972, when there breaks out the "Three Years' War," and "Mars found himself in fetters." For each country knew so well the martial preparations of the other countries, through its secret service, that it was perfectly prepared for every form of hostility. The typhus germs were ineffective because children had been inoculated against typhus from infancy, and a recent scientific discovery had made even the bubonic plague assault merely "a matter of three days in bed."

WE EXPLORE THE LAKES

WE EXPLORE THE GREAT LAKES. Recorded by Webb Waldron. Pictured by Marion Patton Waldron. 324 pp. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

ONE can scarcely imagine a more varied and fascinating trip than that which Mr. and Mrs. Waldron describe in these pages. Starting from Buffalo in a Great Lakes freighter, they steamed up those inland seas, part of the "pageant of inland commerce," where in ships of every kind and size, and often in ludicrous contrast, "lumber and ore and wheat meet coal and cement and machinery" in the mighty streams of traffic between East and West, and then by passenger boat, rowboat, fishboat, railroad train, motor bus, automobile and on foot they visited great lake-shore cities, sleepy hamlets, sand dunes, islands, adventured here and there as fancy led them. But they always found fascinating things to investigate and interesting people to talk with. So charming from beginning to end is the book they have made about their journey that it is difficult to give in short space an adequate idea of its varied contents.

There are the thrilling tales of adventures and incidents on the high, unsalted seas, told them by the captain who had sailed them for a quarter century; there is that unique and most interesting organization, the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, of which Mr Waldron tells the full story; there is his adventure on foot across the dunes of Lake Michigan, where he met the "Dune-Faun," who lives there wholly nude during the Summer as a recompense to himself for teaching the violin during the Winter to the children of wealthy Chicago North Siders; there are the various Babbitts whom they met, each one extolling his locality in terms that Mr. Waldron makes very amusing as he quotes their talk; there is the strongly marked Scandinavian racial tinge in all the region, about which the author writes interestingly; the resentfulness with which Milwaukee assured him that the beer which once made her name so widely known was the least of her industries and proved her point with a mass of facts that fairly make the reader gasp with the overwhelmingness of their material significance; the quaint story of "King" Strang, who once lorded it over his Mormon community in the Beaver Islands; Duluth and her manifest destiny; the story of Isle Royale and the visit to that island; the khaki colony of ex-soldier artists; the enterprising community that picked up a cemetery and a lake and set them down elsewhere in more convenient places, and a thousand other things. Most interesting and important of them all is the feeling of all that region and the rest of the Middle West about their "rightful outlet to the sea" — meaning, of course, the project of the Great Lakes-to-Ocean Deep Waterway.

Mr. Waldron describes this projected enterprise so fully and gives so fairly the arguments for and against it—or, rather, allows the protagonists to state their own arguments—that any one who wants to inform himself thoroughly and easily cannot do better than to read the chapters dealing with the matter. The author gets his own fun out of it with a wink at the reader, who will be sure to chuckle privately with him, as he seriously and painstakingly quotes the heated arguments pro and con. Mr. Waldron discovered everywhere in the middle and western reaches of the Great Lakes shores an earnestness and determination about the project that surprised him, as it will those of his readers who dwell in the East. He found that it has "captured the imagination" of the Middle West and roused the deeps of its emotion. "The Middle Westerner," he says, "has a vision of the flags of Cuba and Holland and England and the Argentine and Japan coming over his horizons, and of being able to go down to the dock and smell the smells of the Orient."

BOOK COLLECTING

VENTURES IN BOOK COLLECTING. By William Harris Arnold. Foreword by Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated. 358 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

MR. ARNOLD, who died last Winter, had a notable collection of books, which he had assembled in the course of a quarter century or more of devotion to his hobby. In the initial chapter, telling how he was started on the collector's path, he says that in his occupation as a bookseller he had developed no interest in other than current publications and had always ignored the catalogues of old and rare books that frequently came to him. Then, in the middle '90s, he chanced to open one evening the catalogue of a London firm, sat over it entranced for hours, and the next day cabled for an item that had especially fascinated him, a single leaf of the first edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton. It was soon in his possession, the first small item in what grew into a famous collection, and it proved to be fuel for the flame of the collector's ardor which from that time on glowed in his heart. "This fugitive leaf," he comments, "marks the beginning of an infatuation that has continued without abatement ever since and has been, with relation to objects inanimate, my chief joy." For half a dozen years he gathered books at random, welcoming anything that was rare and choice. Then he decided to limit his collection to books and manuscripts relating to Alfred Tennyson and Robert Louis Stevenson.

(Continued on Following Page)

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THOMAS SELTZER, 5 W. 50th St. NEW YORK

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

with especial attention to the former. So successful was he that his collection of Tennysoniana soon became famous on both sides of the Atlantic.

The human interest of a book's associations seems to have had a strong appeal for Mr. Arnold; he made especial efforts to obtain books bearing inscriptions of ownership, presentation or other personal marks of interest. Consequently, his accounts of some of his treasures and of how he came by them afford entertainment and interest to the ordinary reader. Those who have not been touched by the divine fire of the collector's zeal are apt to be very unresponsive to his ardors over first editions and rare specimens. But any one interested in literature and its makers is bound to turn an eager ear to such tales as Mr. Harris tells about the copy of Horace which the boy Thackeray studied at Chaterhouse, the "dedication copy" of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse," the copy of Tennyson's poem, "Timbuctoo," with which he won the prize at the Cambridge University commencement of 1829, the earliest separate print, says the author, "that bears the name of Alfred Tennyson, presumably a unique copy."

In the course of his pursuit of Stevensoniana Mr. Arnold once went to see, with a letter of introduction, R. L. S.'s old nurse, Alison Cunningham, and she told him this story: Once, when little Stevenson had been very, very naughty Mrs. Stevenson gave directions to have him stand in a corner of the room. After half an hour "Cummy" successfully interceded for pardon. But on calling Louis to come to her he said, "Sh-sh—don't talk to me! I'm telling myself a story."

Mr. Arnold collected also autographs, letters and manuscripts and some of his most interesting pages are filled with extracts from intimate letters written by famous authors of the last 200 years. One chapter is devoted entirely to "Letters of Notable Women," and is filled with epistles, some long, some short, written by Fanny Burney, Martha Washington, Lady Hamilton, Maria Edgeworth — an enthusiastic appreciation of "Waverley" — Queen Victoria, Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Eliot, Jane Carlyle and others. Other chapters contain extracts from letters from or about famous men of the last two centuries, letters that are humanly interesting in themselves, something that cannot always be said about such resurrected correspondence. But it is this feature of intrinsic human interest which seems always to have appealed so much to the author in his collecting of books, autographs and letters that makes his volume one of unusual charm.

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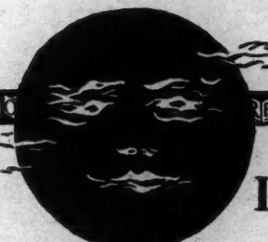

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Queries and Answers

QUERIES

Humble Ways of Men

V. L. H.—Can you tell me where I can find a poem which I think was published in a magazine late in 1922 of which one verse is as follows:

Who has known heights or depths cannot again know peace;
Not as the calm heart knows low, wild walls, a garden close,
The old enchantment of a rose;
And though he tread the humble ways of men
He shall not speak the common tongue again.

Friends to Die For

E. S. G.—Will you tell me the author of the following lines:

It was not foes to conquer
Nor sweethearts to be kind.
But it was friends to die for
That I would seek and find.

Where Bells Nor Whistles Blow

J. R. McD.—Will some reader tell me in which of Eugene Field's poems these lines occur:

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't sound * * *

The Muezzin's Call

F. C. C.—Will some one give me the complete poem and the author of the following lines:

At the Muezzin's call to prayer
The faithful people throng the square.

Friendship

F. J. H.—Can some one tell me where to find the motto in which these lines occur:

Better than gold of a nation,
Better than power of a throne,
Better than all of the treasures
Gathered by man as his own.

A Maiden From Bosporus

A. B.—Will some one kindly inform me where the poem may be found which contains these lines:

A maiden from the Bosporus
With eyes as bright as phosphorus
Once wedded to the Bailiff of the Califf of Cala, &c.

When Speech Fails

R. H.—Can you tell me the author of the poem whose opening lines run something like this:

Music then takes up the tale, &c.
When the words of speech do fail.

In Savage Bosoms

RANDALL.—I shall be glad if any of your readers can give me the name of the author of the poem in which occurs the following verse:

In even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, striving
For the good they comprehend not;
And their feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness. * * *

Torrents in Summer

MANILA.—Can any of your readers give me the name of the author of the poem which contains these lines:

As torrents in Summer
Half-dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless, &c.

Harmonious Attraction

W. MacL.—Will you kindly help me find the author and title of a book the subject matter of which relates mostly to the law of harmonious attraction.

"Ere Guid Luck Gang's Awa'"

J. R. T.—Will you kindly tell me the name of the author of the following lines:

Gae spread the table neat an' clean,
Mak' like thing look braw;
Gie me a drink, tak' ane yourself,
Ere guid luck gang's awa'.

A Game of Whist

T. B. B.—Can any reader find me the poem which states in rhyme the rules for leads in the old-fashioned game of whist?

"Chasing Fortune"

C. K. K.—Will you kindly help me find the poem entitled "Chasing Fortune," written by Edgar Saltus?

Yellow God's Green Eye

V. C.—Would you help me find the poem entitled "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God" and also tell me the name of the author?

ANSWERS

A School for Boys

GEORGE B. PRATT, Chicago—The poem containing the lines

A jolly old professor kept a school for little boys
And he'd romp with them in playtime and he wouldn't mind their noise,

for which "A. M. C." asks in your issue of Oct. 7, may be found in "My Odd Little Folk," by Malcolm Douglas, published in Philadelphia by Henry Altemus & Co. The title of the poem is "A Sleepy Little School."

"To Hoe"

B. B., Omaha, Neb.—Macomb will find the poem "To Hoe," for which he asks in your issue of Oct. 7, in

(Continued on Page 29)

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Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 27)

Percy Mackaye's poem "School," which was published in The Forum, October, 1913, The Literary Digest, Oct. 25, 1913, and Current Opinion for December, 1913.

Little Brook

KATE VENNER, Edna, Texas—The title of the poem containing the line "Little brook, little brook, you have such a happy look," for which "E. McL." inquires in your issue of Oct. 7 is "The Brook-Song," by James Whitcomb Riley.

Zingarella

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—In your issue of Oct. 14, "M. I. W." inquires for "The Wild Zingarella." This is a musical recitation, written by Edward L. McDowell, and may be found in "Werner's Selections" (No. 30). E. H. Werner, N. Y.

Driftwood

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—There is a quatrain by Edwin Arnold that may be the poem "C. F. M." has in mind, inquired for in your issue of Oct. 14. I append it:

Like as a plank of driftwood, tossed on a stormy sea,
Another plank encounters, meets, touches, parts again;
So tossed and drifting ever on life's unresting sea,
They meet and greet and sever, parting eternally.

Waiting

EMMA J. BUCHANAN, New York—The lines "they also serve who stand and wait," for which N. C. asks in your issue of Oct. 7, are by the Rev. Archibald Tisdall. The poem is too long to publish.

"The Shah Shaman"

WILLIAM W. SCRUGHAM, Yonkers, N. Y.—The poem "When the Shah Shaman Goes to Ispahan," for which G. A. A. asks in your issue of Oct. 7, is by Thomas Bailey Aldrich and may be found in any collection of his poems.

Several correspondents answered this query.

The Little House

GRACE E. JACKSON, Wyckoff, N. J.—In your issue of Oct 7 E. B. asks for the poem,

The little house says stay,
The little road says go.

The title is "The House and the Road" and the author is Josephine Preston Peabody. It may be found in the "Little Book of Modern Verse," edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Houghton Mifflin Company). Other correspondents write that the poem may be found in "High Tide," edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards (Houghton Mifflin Company).

Several correspondents answered this query.

"Those Who Love"

GRACE HOUSE, New York—The author of the lines, "Those who love the most do not talk of their love," &c., for which Henry inquires in your issue of Oct. 7, is Sarah Teasdale, and they may be found in Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1922.

Those who love the most
Do not talk of their love;
Francesca, Guenevere,
Dierdre, Iseult, Heloise
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak, if at all,
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in lonely pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

The Courts of Heaven

EDITH H. SMITH, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The lines, "High up in the courts of heaven today a little dog angel waits," for which C. H. D. asks in your issue of Oct. 7, are from the poem "The Little Dog Angel," by Norah M. Holland, which I quote in full:

THE LITTLE DOG ANGEL

High up in the courts of heaven today
A little dog angel waits,
With the other angels he will not play,
But he sits alone at the gates;
"For I know that my master will come," says he,
"And when he comes he will call for me."

And his master far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes, and he whistles low
For the dog that is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears,
And dreams that his master's call he hears.

And I know when at length his master waits
Outside in the dark and cold
For the hand of death to ope the gates
That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the shivering dark.

Several correspondents answered this query.

"The World's Delight"

FRANK BARTKOVICK, Arlington, N. J.—The epigram for which Berut asks in your issue of Oct. 7 follows, and may be found in George Eliot's novel "Middlemarch":

Why should our pride make such a stir to be
And be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading and the world's delight?

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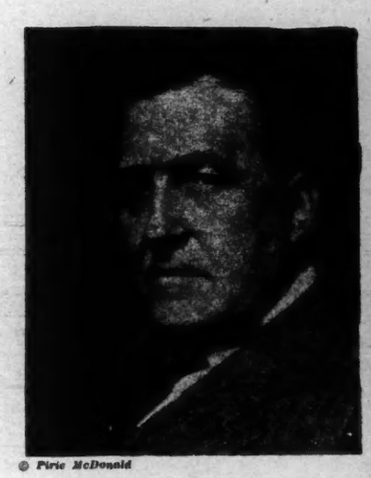

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LAND OF GREAT ADVENTURE

Beyond the White Shadows of the Southern Seas Lies Australia

Wool Team Bound for Railway Station, Australia.

By FRANK BOHN

IN the fascinating book which gives us our sub-title, Mr. O'Brien pictures the tropical islands of the Pacific. These are scattered over the great spaces and furnish one of the few remaining regions for the satisfaction of the adventurous spirit. Mr. O'Brien describes the strange people and the "palm green shores." Here are vari-colored birds and the brightest rainbows. Amid these scenes even an American can enjoy idleness. He analyses the effect of this environment upon the mind of the civilized and sophisticated white man. For the mind changes much more than its content. Its very texture undergoes alteration. "To hell with civilization," wrote a middle-aged stenographer from Ohio to a friend recently, as she took ship at San Francisco for the Southern isles. The spell was already upon her.

But the greatest adventure of all is slowly working itself out beyond the archipelagos. In that further region two new English-speaking nations are being developed. Both of these peoples are trying out some rather startling experiments in the field of social reform. The larger country, Australia, moves and has her being in a lofty and most rarefied atmosphere. She is in complete possession of 3,000,000 square miles of territory, of which less than 10 per cent. can be said to be inhabited; and her people have made up their minds to become one of the greatest nations of the world. What a wild adventure, this! Surely here is a land which calls out to the heart of youth with compelling force.

Above all others an American is subjected to adventures of the mind which make his head swim. He lives, for instance, in a large New Zealand city which buys all its milk and cream direct from the farmers. These products are assembled, transported, pasteurised, bottled and delivered by the municipality. The farmers receive more for their product than ever they did before. Not a drop of impure milk or cream is delivered. The municipal employes are as happy and satisfied as they are clean, courteous and intelligent.

The milk is so cheap that no customer objects to the price. The department sets aside an annual sum for depreciation and then shows a surplus besides. Throughout the length and breadth of the business everybody is pleased. There are no shadows here, only realities. Our American has made an adventure into what he thought to be the utterly impossible. His mind moves as in a dream.

Australia is the land of natural oddities, of contraries, of much that the outside world must still consider impossible. Here are rivers which flow up from the sea into the land. Trees grow with their roots in the air. There are fish which have feathers and fly. Everybody now knows that the native swans are jet black. One curious fact that the outside world does not yet know is that the Australian native, one of the lowest types of humanity, practices birth control with a success and to a degree that make an educational tour by Mrs. Margaret Sanger quite unnecessary.

Many Eastern Americans are still surprised, upon visiting our Far West, to discover that there are in that section large and beautiful cities. Australia is supposed by most Americans to be a land where at best the sheep herders are driving out the native bushmen. To such it is a shock to learn that Australia is a highly developed modern nation. She possesses an excellent system of State universities. Her great cities are developing their Latin quarters where there is night life, literature and much sophistication. The general character of the press in New Zealand and Australia is such as to fill the educated American visitor from our West or South with envy.

When one takes ship to leave the country two facts stand out to forever mark the country in memory—the tallness of her men and the excellence of her bookshops. Australia and New Zealand are new but not crude. They possess the virtues of the young and few of the vices which so often are a blemish to youth. To a very remarkable degree they have succeeded in maintaining Old-World standards of culture among the rude conditions of the pioneer.

The writer recalls with much interest a visit to a soldier settlement. There, with Government aid, some thousands of irrigated farms are being developed. Here is a crowd of young men engaged in building the simplest sort of homes and plowing virgin soil, their hands rough from the rudest labor. Yet here in the afternoon they knock off work and go to their town centre, there to play golf and tennis and take tea with the ladies. Their English is as good as their manners. These people form a new society only in a peculiar sense. In larger as in lesser things they are part of the British Empire. Though far removed from the head and centre of their civilisation, they never cease for a moment to be "English" or "British," sharing in all the good and bad traits that are connoted by either term.

The Australians consider their country to be a continent. Its area of some three millions of square miles is as large as that of the United States exclusive of Alaska. The theory that geographical conditions are the dominating element in the evolution of civilisation is an old one. But only recently has historical and sociological scholarship seriously undertaken the study of geography. When it comes to understanding Australia, geography is the beginning of all sound knowledge. How many people will the country eventually support? Will her future compare with ours in population and resources? Nobody as yet can say, with certainty how far she will go. The development of applied science, with its control over the resources of the earth, is now too prodigious to permit us to set any limit to its results.

At least half of Australia is arid or semi-arid. But the botanist is producing wheat and other grains on soils which a generation ago were thought to be worthless. One hero of Luther Burbank's pineless cactus will

feed and water two horses or cows. So the desert, losing its terrors, invites man to enter and make himself a home. Furthermore, 750,000 square miles of Australian soil contain a useful stratum of subsurface water. A century ago the digging of a well 50 feet deep with pick and shovel was an onerous task for the pioneer farmer. Today a ten-inch bore is drilled 500 feet by machinery with much less difficulty. The subsurface water of Australia has been tapped at thousands of places by these deep artesian wells. In the State of Queensland alone they have a daily flow of over 10,000,000 barrels. This subsurface water supply will have a greater effect on Australia's future than irrigation. Large irrigation projects in the desert imply a background, near or far, of high mountains. Unfortunately, Australia does not have lofty ranges to compare with those of the lesser islands of New Zealand and Tasmania. Less than 5 per cent. of her area is over 2,000 feet above the sea level. A full half of Australia has practically no rivers at all. Along the eastern coast there is a range comparable to our Alleghanies. But the rainfall there is only half that of our eastern slope.

As a result there are only two considerable rivers in this region, the Darling and the Murray. They appear to the American like the upper and middle courses of our Rio Grande. The flow is intermittent and the water seeps away. More mountains and higher mountains in this subtropical land would mean much more, too, than irrigation and agriculture. They would furnish waterfalls and thus hydro-electricity for transportation and manufactures. In this regard the country is exceedingly unfortunate. The mountains of both New Zealand and Tasmania are, on the contrary, both beautiful and economically valuable. Already the zinc ores of South Australia are being shipped to Tasmania, there to be reduced and concentrated by cheap electrical power. This small island (its area is only 26,000 square miles) will probably become the chief manufacturing district of the great Commonwealth. It is an Australian State and so is not affected adversely by the Australian tariff. As New Zealand is independent, she is shut off largely from the Australian market.

Snowy River, Beloco, New South Wales.

The geographical position of Australia adds to our perplexity when it comes to foreseeing the future. The interior, in being low and subtropical, is doubly unfortunate. Under the best conditions, at least a third of Australia can never be inhabited except for scattered mining operations. On another third of her soil the economic struggle of applied science with nature will be fought out with varying results.

In a region where the rainfall is forty-two inches one calendar year and an eighth of an inch the next the problem of agricultural science is as interesting as it is difficult. "Had Australia been but ten degrees nearer the South Pole," says Professor Griffith Taylor, "our interior would have resembled the Mississippi Basin, and we should probably equal the United States in population, as we do in area." The Nordic race quite naturally thrives best under conditions which resemble those of its old home in Europe. The flat coast lands of the North Sea and the Baltic have no counterpart in Australia proper. The southern islands of New Zealand and Tasmania are excellently well adapted to be the home of the English-speaking Nordic. But Australia extends from the twelfth parallel of southern latitude to the thirty-seventh. The State of Victoria, which includes 87,000 square miles at the southeastern extremity of the continent, might be compared to Oklahoma or Tennessee. The northeastern section is not unlike Central America. At least half of Australia resembles Arizona and Western Texas.

Will all the White Nordic Australians be enabled to hold against the Asiatic, both economically and by military defense, the northern half of their continent? Here lies the crux of the whole matter. This question is being studied by her statesmen and scholars with sharp eyes and ready hands. It is one of the largest and knottiest human problems for the coming century to solve. To answer this is to answer the ultimate question regarding Australia's place in the future history of the world.

The history of these countries during the nineteenth century includes little more than the simple story of their economic growth. The beginnings of stock raising were made in Australia at the end of the eighteenth century. The permanent settlement of New Zealand came at the beginning of the nineteenth. The story of the Bantry Bay penal colony, founded for the reception of British convicts, is familiar to all reading persons. However, the importance of the original settlement has been much exaggerated in the mind of the outsider. Britain sent relatively small numbers of convicts to America before the Revolution. After American independence she looked about for another place for such transport and decided upon far-away Australia and Tasmania. The first convict ship cast anchor at Bantry Bay in 1788. A single generation later free immigrants arrived in such numbers as to put the convicts in the minority. In 1840 the transportation of convicts to Australia ceased entirely. In the following decade, during the gold rush, free settlers were sometimes arriving at the rate of two thousand a week. So the total number of convicts were but a small fraction of the settlers during the early and middle parts of the nineteenth century.

The general notion that Australians are mostly descended from convicts is exactly the same as that propounded by Dr. Samuel Johnson concerning the Americans during the Revolution. A further word is required about the convict settlements. Among these unhappy prisoners were many guilty of the "crime" of being republicans, unitarians, free-thinkers or social reformers. They brought to Australia some of the best blood, brains and character of Britain. The influence of these brave martyrs is seen in the history of Australia and in her present development. The convict ships were veritable hells for torture. From our present point of view the greatest criminal of all was the shameless Government which could practice such cruelties upon helpless men and women.

The large mining population which came in the mid-century led naturally to extensive agricultural development. But it has been only lately, during and since the war, that wheat has been grown for export in large quantities. Until the recent past both countries have fulfilled the economic purpose for which all British colonies were originally designed. They produced food and raw materials for British industrialism and in turn purchased British goods. One of the greatest events in their history was the unromantic invention of the process of freezing meat by the use of chemicals. This doubled the value of their pastoral exports without adding a day's labor on the land.

The recent war acted as a strong stimulus to home manufactures. Following the war the manufacturing interests, both capitalists and workers, turned to the protective system, just as they did in the United States after the War of 1812. With this fundamental change in economic status has come a change in the social and political life of both countries. The nineteenth century liberal has given way before the onslaught of the twentieth century laborite. Liberalism, split in twain and driven in opposite directions, is being absorbed into the three parties of the new alignment. The farmers, the wageworkers and the conservative property interests are each disposed to find direct political representation. This new political orientation, now evolving everywhere, is not as simple as the fin de siècle theorists would have had the world believe. Indeed it is a most complicated matter and requires for its intelligent direction, in each country, much study and analysis.

Will these people now coming to political maturity presently break away from the empire? What is the attitude of Australian labor toward the British system? This question is quickly answered. If there is to be a separatist movement it must be looked for first among the class-conscious laborites. Australian labor unionism as a matter of theory is more than republican. It is radical and socialistic. But here we come to the simplest of paradoxes. The wageworkers more than any other class demand a relentless policy of exclusion of the low-caste Asiatic worker. This policy must be backed by force. It must be built upon sea power and braced by a national will to fight to the uttermost in its defense. Australia and New Zealand, being British in sentiment, will be forever riveted by the hard fact of their immigration policy to the battleships and big guns of the empire. Their strong attachment to America partakes of this. Our Asiatic policy is the same as theirs. Many of them firmly believe that we are ready to make common cause with them in case of need.

If there is one word beyond all others which will describe the political and social mind of the Australian and New Zealander it is "pioneer." Like the Western American, he is always willing to "take a plunge" in matters of government and law; but before plunging, the Australian and New Zealander has a peculiar way of examining his social and intellectual effects. He picks and chooses from among the things inherited from his immemorial past in Britain. We Americans, following independence, cut loose altogether. What difference, if any, has been wrought by the firm connection which New Zealand and Australia have maintained with the sources of British culture?

The difference looms larger in mind with every day the American spends in the country. Here we may well return to the soldier settlement on the Murray River. We find hard, rough work mixed with sound reading, good social manners and a sporting attitude toward life. This the American masses cannot quite duplicate, and the Englishman at home cannot understand. The new civilization has helped itself generously from the things which only the older life could give. But the new land has given more than it has taken. It has established the beginnings of a great nation upon the dual principle that democracy while socializing the life economic shall evolve culture with its new-found freedom and security. Nowhere else are intelligence, knowledge and sportsmanship applied so directly to the task of building a nation.

To begin to understand Australia and New Zealand one must visualize much more than its geographical and climatic conditions. It is to be observed that functioning there are all the cultural forces and values of British civilization. These are thrown out upon the new lands with a vigor and a success that command the admiration of the American visitor. This peculiar aspect of the Australian outlook upon life has been best described by Professor Meredith Atkinson: "It is not enough to say that the Australian Nation is but a child of British stock reared in a new environment, or that the Australian Commonwealth is but the logical extension of British democracy. Australia is distinct from Britain if only in being more British than the motherland or any sister dominion. But under their more favorable social conditions Australians have developed highly distinctive national characteristics that cannot be fully described merely by calling them British. The Australian outlook is in many fundamentals widely different from that of the people of England and Scotland.

"In her social legislation, with its high ideal of general welfare, in her universal franchise, higher wages, better living and working conditions, and, above all, in the widespread spirit of freedom and personal independence, Australia is no mere improved copy of older countries. She has developed a nationalism which is more than ordinary patriotism. It is rooted in a passionate belief that Australian civilization is profoundly different from that of the Old World, and that Australia is on the way to become an ideal Commonwealth." ("Economic and Political Studies," page 1.)

The history of the past decade has weighed two social systems in the balances, found them wanting, and cast them out. One was German monarchical industrialism; the other has been exhibited in the Russian madhouse. It is left for the peoples beyond the White Shadows to try again and perhaps succeed in the field where others have either failed or failed to try. Actual political and social experimentation is often disappointing. We find egregious failure mixed with gratifying success. The failures are expensive. There is no lack of bitterness and carping. The wheels are often turned backward for a new start. Yet all classes take pride in the fact that they are in the forefront of modern progress. What America was to a watching and unbelieving Europe in the first half of the nineteenth century, that New Zealand and Australia have become to us all in the first half of the twentieth.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US

By BELLA COHEN

FOR the last year and a half, I have been listening to what they think of us. They are the Europeans who meet us when we go abroad. They who complimented or lashed me for the sins of my fellow-citizens hail from Russia, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Latvia, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Switzerland.

Do they like us?

Some do. Lots don't.

The Germans aren't overfond of us. The Germans of the middle class still think of us as the people who at the last moment swung over the victory to their hated neighbor and Ruhr oppressor, France. They don't like us because they can see us coming out of the Adlon and Bristol on Unter den Linden, presumably well fed and not suffering.

The German professional class—artists, singers, writers, &c., think of us not as possible appreciators but simply as a source of income. With them, too, the dollar plays an important part.

The German poor don't think of us at all. What concern is it of theirs if we roll in wealth while they scavenger for food? Their plight is so bitter that they lost all sense of envy.

I speak now of the Germans in Berlin. In the Rhineland, and in the South, you are less likely to be called "Damned foreigner."

The Russians think we are a nation of negroes and cowboys with a preponderance of feathered Indians. I speak now of the man on the street who has never been in America—the man who is politically indifferent—and they form the bulk of Moscow, Petrograd and the other cities of Russia. The Communist simply regards us as capitalist slaves—but allows us a few white men and women.

But all of them acknowledge that we are very "sympathetic." That is the Russian bromide for "nice" just as the Volga boat song is the "Yes! We Have No Bananas" of Russia.

In Austria and I take Vienna as my point of information, they like us—very, very much.

"Your women are almost as pretty as ours," the men say.

"And your men are so big and love so their ladies," say the women.

Of the opinion of the French, little need be added to what they have already broadcast.

The French shopkeeper adores us. For us he has learned English because we are so obstinately unilingual. For us he makes his signs and advertisements in English. For us he makes his children learn to Eeeuglees. The artistic nucleus find us sympathetic to quote the Russian dictum but not very advanced culturally. We start and end with the cabaret.

The Italians think we're crazy because we hurry so much. We have no time for the café or for a little talk on the street with a friend or two—or three.

The Italian man working true to the adage that opposites attract, will follow a blond American girl on the street with no malicious intent but "for to admire and for to see." He may, if he is bold, step up to her and breathe:

"Bella—bella—."

This may or may not be her name but in Italian it means "beautiful."

The Czechs don't mind us.

The Letts ditto.

The Swiss welcome us.

(Continued on Page 34)

FACE TO FACE WITH THE DALAI LAMA

VIII.—Dr. McGovern Is Received by the Tibetan Cabinet and the Sacred Head of the State

By ***WILLIAM MONTGOMERY McGOVERN.***

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THE next development took place two days later (Feb. 23). I was asked to visit the Kashak, or Cabinet, the headquarters of which are situated in one wing of the Chokang, or cathedral, whose entrance was just around the corner. Here I met the Lonchen, or Prime Minister, and his colleagues, Ngapo Shapé and Parkang Dzasa. Tsarong was careful to be absent on this occasion, but in any case he rarely attends the Cabinet meeting, as he usually spends most of the day on the parade ground at Settam training his troops, or at Norbu Linga, the private residence of the Dalai Lama, in personal attendance on his Holiness. Another Shapé, or Secretary of State, called Trimon Shapé, was absent from Lhasa during the whole of my visit, being engaged on a political mission in Kam (or Kham), the great province in the east of Tibet. Parkang is the only ecclesiastical member of the Cabinet, all the others being laymen. Technically he is not a full Shapé, as can be seen by his title of Dzasa, but for several years past he has acted in that capacity.

The office and title of Lonchen is very modern; its creation was due to special causes. Prior to 1904 the Cabinet consisted only of four Shapés (the literal translation of the name Shapé is lotus-foot). As a result of the Younghusband expedition the Dalai Lama was forced to flee to Mongolia, and the Government of Tibet reverted to the hands of the Tsong-du, or National Assembly, a Parliament consisting chiefly of representatives of the great Lhasa monasteries, and consequently thoroughly reactionary. This body considered that the military and diplomatic defeat of Tibet was largely due to the ineptitude of the then-existing Shapés. They were removed from office and banished, four new men being appointed to take their places.

In 1908, when the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa and to power, he felt that the ex-officers should be recompensed for the injury done them. One of them was already dead, but the other three were recalled to the capital. His Holiness did not dare depose the four existing Shapés, so he instituted the new office of super-Shapé or Lonchen (literally "great Minister"), and had the three exiles installed as such. This was intended as a temporary measure, and the posts were automatically to cease with the death of the three men concerned, but for a time the Cabinet consisted of seven men, three Lonchens and four Shapés. Two of the Lonchens are dead and the remaining one is an old and feeble man. On his decease the Cabinet will once more consist only of four Shapés, though there is some talk that the Dalai Lama will decide to continue the office of Lonchen and appoint Tsarong to fill it.

The Kashak is a very important body. The Tibetans have never learned to differentiate the executive and judicial functions of government. Every Governor is also the Judge of his district, and the Kashak, in addition to being charged with the administration of the country, constitutes the high court of appeal. The executive powers of the Dalai Lama are all exercised through the Kashak. This body appoints and dismisses the Governors of the fifty-three districts and all other principal officers. It issues laws and ordinances, but, in order to appease the turbulent monks, important points of legislative policy are placed before the National Assembly. The members of the Kashak are appointed by the Dalai Lama and are responsible only to him. Tsarong Shapé, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and as Master of the Mint, has special functions assigned to him; but the other members of the Cabinet are not individually charged with the supervision of a particular department or Ministry. Their duties are to attend at the general meetings of the Cabinet, before which all state matters are brought and decided.

The Kashak meets every day of the week except Saturday. Every Thursday it assembles in the presence of the Dalai Lama, either at the Potala or at his private palace, Norbu Linga, in which he prefers to reside on ordinary occasions. On that day the business which has transpired during the whole week is reviewed. The Dalai Lama takes a great deal of personal interest in these details and frequently lays down certain lines of policy which must be followed by the Kashak in deciding future cases. At the same time he is careful never to insist on any point which he thinks may arouse public opposition. He has twice lost his throne and has no desire to do so again.

On the occasion of my visit I found the three Ministers seated cross-legged in a shabby little room full of papers, little better than that occupied by the city magistrates. Ngapo and Parkang said very little, and the conversation which ensued was carried on almost entirely by Lonchen and myself. I felt that the other two were inclined to be hostile, but Lonchen maintained an even courtesy, though he was obviously upset by the trouble which my entry into Lhasa had caused the Government. He is a mild, timid man, with much more of the air of a religious recluse than of Tibet's highest civil official. His policy is one of irresolution and compromise. His intentions are excellent, but he is easily frightened from carrying these out by the slightest show of forcible opposition. He has none of that devil-may-care attitude which makes Tsarong so charming.

He told me that the Kashak hardly knew what to do about me. He claimed that he and the other Shapés had no anti-foreign prejudice, but, as the National Assembly had been most vehement in rejecting the proposition that we be allowed to come on to Lhasa from Gyangtse, he was afraid that its members would become very angry when they heard of my arrival. To make matters worse, the Government of India had taken a very unfriendly attitude. Not only had it ordered me to be stopped and sent back, but Major Bailey, having heard of my arrival, had sent another message asking that I be returned to India immediately. Nevertheless, as I was here, Lonchen added, he had been persuaded (here I saw Tsarong's influence) to allow me to stay on for a further period, though he asked me to remain more or less in disguise and without letting the populace know of my arrival, lest a riot take place.

Lonchen was anxious to know what made me so keen to come to Lhasa. It was impossible to get him to understand the pleasures of undertaking an adventurous and dangerous journey. Had I talked about anthropological research he would have thought me mad, so I informed him that so keen was my thirst for knowledge of Buddhism that I risked everything to drink at Lhasa, the fountain of wisdom. The old gentleman then thought he would like to test my knowledge of Buddhist philosophy and asked me to interpret a text which may be translated as follows: "Salutation to the peerless teacher who has silenced all disputation by his explanation of causal origination, without becoming and without ending, without permanence and without impermanence, without sameness and without difference, without coming and without going." This happens to be the first verse of Nagarjuna's famous Madhyamika-Karika, written about the first century A. D. As luck would have it, I once spent six months for my sins in studying this work and its commentaries, so I decided to take this opportunity of airing a few of the unintelligible polysyllables which I had learned in this connection, interspersing quotations from Sanskrit and Chinese, neither of which could the poor man understand. In fact, the old gentleman, though deeply pious, had very little knowledge of the technicalities of his faith and had asked for the interpretation largely as a joke, but I kept him on the paradoxical grid until his brain seemed nearly addled.

Three days later (Feb. 26) I obtained my first glimpse of the Dalai Lama. He was far too frightened to grant me a public audience lest it be made the basis for agitation against him, but his curiosity had been aroused concerning me and he arranged for a secret interview, so secret in fact that even my servants and Sonam were at the time unaware of what was taking place. In the evening a messenger arrived and told me that I was to accompany him to the Kashak, but after turning the corner I was led by him through a street which runs from the city of Lhasa to the Potala. After arriving at the village at the foot of the palace we entered a side door of the secret enclosure, and after stumbling up a number of Tibetan stepladder staircases, I found myself in a small room in which there was a single occupant. This was no less a personage than his Holiness.

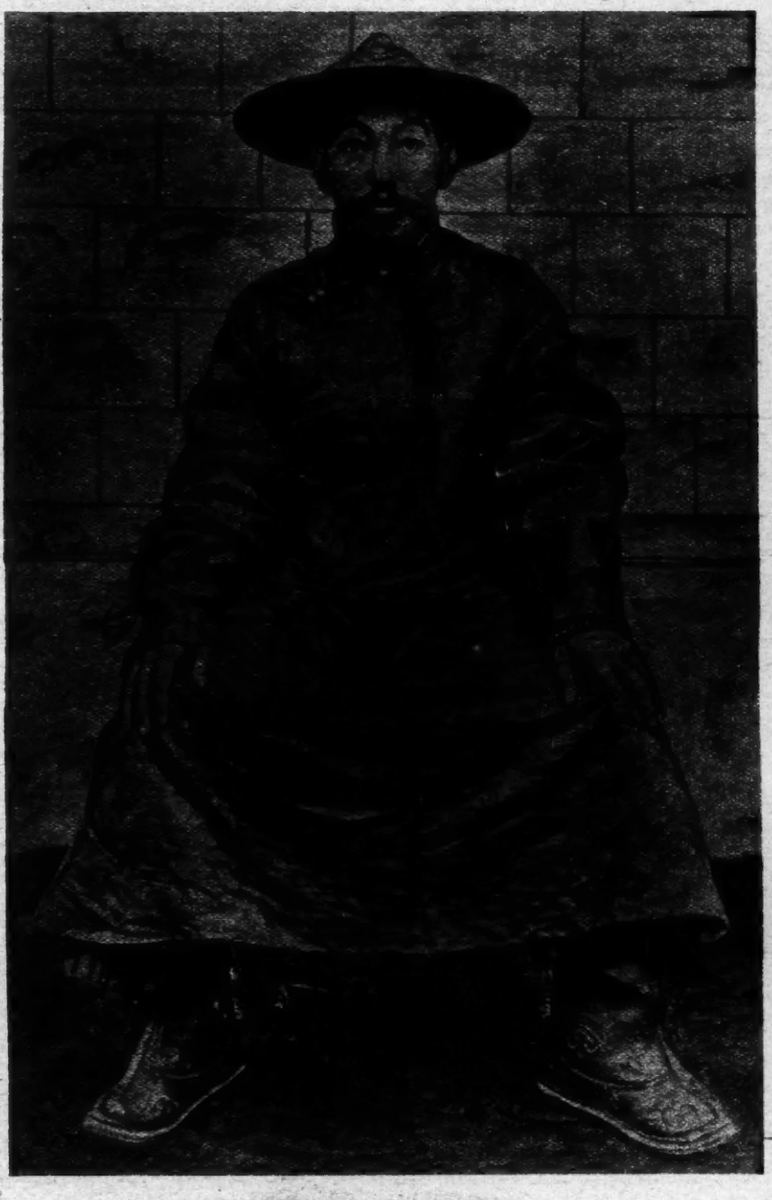
I found him to be a smallish man, lighter in build and with a face longer and more oval than most Tibetans. A childhood attack of smallpox had left slight traces upon his countenance, but these were almost invisible in the gloom. His head was shaven, as becomes a priest, but he had long pointed mustaches which he learned in India to wax. He was a man who obviously was accustomed to be regarded as a god, and who, moreover, had a firm belief in his own divinity, and yet there was great quietness and even modesty about his manner.

He has not the delicate, half-mystical appearance which characterizes the Trashi Lama of Shigatse. He is much more a man of the world, a careful observer of human nature and a shrewd conjecturer of ulterior motives. His personal life is above suspicion. He is rigid in his celibacy and in his abstinence from wine and tobacco. His food is simple and his dress on ordinary occasions scarcely to be distinguished from that of an ordinary monk. He prefers to reside as much as possible in his villa of Norbu Linga, another mile beyond the city, instead of living in state, attended with pomp and ceremony, in the Potala, one of the most magnificent palaces in the world. Yet he is obviously concerned with this world's affairs. He is ambitious in a cool, calculating way, ever seeking to unify his power and to weaken opposition.

In his youth his violent temper frequently led him to commit some rash or foolish act, but the trials and tribulations of exile and deposition have taught him greater caution, one might almost say craftiness. He is afraid to commit himself to a policy without seeing what its effect will be.

He would be the last person to claim occult powers for himself, and his intelligence is not gigantic. Fine

(Continued on Page 12)



His Holiness, the Dalai Lama

The previous chapters have described Dr. McGovern's journey in disguise through the snow-bound Himalayan passes and across the tablelands of the Lama's country, and his meeting with the Grand Lama's warrior Prime Minister. This is the last instalment of the series.

AN EX-VICE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Thomas R. Marshall Says the American People Want the Benefits of Democracy With the Works of Autocracy.

By RICHARD BARRY

"YOU' are the busiest ex-Vice President I have ever met," said the writer to Thomas R. Marshall, ranking member of the Coal Commission and for eight years the Coolidge of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Marshall had been finally cornered after ten days' pursuit through New York and Washington.

"I don't wonder," replied Mr. Marshall, who was once Governor of Indiana, and thus accustomed to answer all remarks in the form of "that reminds me." "Changing from New York to Washington and keeping track of schedules with this so-called daylight-saving time is what does it. I have never been able to understand why a man who wanted to get up an hour earlier in the morning or who wanted to start his factory an hour earlier had to set his clock an hour ahead to do it or enter into a conspiracy with all his employes to deceive their clocks. I'm in favor of a little more honesty with ourselves. Besides, it's confusing to strangers.

"It reminds me of one time when I arrived in Phoenix, Ariz., and asked the first man I met what time it was.

" 'Are you a stranger here?' said he.

" 'Yes,' said I, 'and I'd like to set my watch.'

" 'Well, you'll have a hard time doing that here,' he replied. 'We have Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé time; we have Southern Pacific time; we have Mountain time; we have sun time; and all the inhabitants are always having a hell of a time to know the time.' But, now that you have caught up with me, what can I do for you?

"You can enlighten me," returned the writer, "on the causes of the creaks and groans that proceed occasionally from our form of government. You have had a favored seat on the inside for so long, and you ought to know something."

A dry, wrinkly smile lit up the lean face of the Hoosier statesman.

"That reminds me," he said, "that not long ago I delivered a series of five lectures on constitutional government in a Texas university, and when they were over one of the professors said to me, 'We are more than satisfied, Mr. Marshall, and personally I am greatly surprised to learn that any one who has been long in Washington knows as much about the Constitution as you do.' So fire away. What shall I tell you?"

"Tell me what, in your opinion, is the greatest weakness in the present operation of our Government?"

"I can't answer that directly, but I will answer it in this way: Our form of government is all right. I don't say it is the best in the world. Mexico has just as good a Constitution as ours, but not so good a Government. I sometimes think England has a better Constitution because she has none, but England has no better Government. In fact, I think the late war proved that we have as good a Government as has ever existed, because the Government was able to get the people to do a great many things that were hard to do, which they were not obliged to do, and solely because they respected the Government. If the Government were not good, they wouldn't respect it.

"Thus indirectly I am answering your question. The greatest weakness we have as a people is not in the Government. It lies in the people, for they are drifting into ways that are bound to make a bad Government in time if they do not mend them. They are bringing us to a condition where we are obliged to live under government by discretion, instead of under government by law.

"Now, I am just old-fashioned enough to still believe that the fathers who wrote the Constitution knew almost as much about the science of government as Magnus Johnson."

"What do you mean by 'government by discretion'?" the writer interjected.

"I mean the tendency in the American people to want the benefits of a democracy and yet demand the works of an autocracy. Nearly everybody wants the Government to let him alone personally, but at the same time he wants the Government to make the other fellow do what he thinks the other fellow ought to do, and he wants it done, as the Spanish say, 'pronto.'

"We saw that work out to some satisfaction in the war, when it was more or less justified and necessary. The war served us an ill turn in showing us how to get things done quickly, through autocracy. Nobody wants now to have things done slowly through the legal and logical processes of democracy. Most people want them done quickly, by Czarism, unless their own toes are pinched, and then they cry 'Oppression!' 'Confiscation!' and 'Holy murder!'

"When the President kicks Congress he's not kicking his dog; he's kicking the people's dog."

"I have just had plenty of chance to observe this growing tendency in the American people while serving as a member of the Coal Commission. You have no idea of the number of letters, telegrams, telephone messages and other appeals that reached us from all kinds of people who demanded that we settle the coal strike. Some wanted us to take a club and finish the miners. Others told us the operators were very bad men and wanted us to arbitrarily put them in their places. None of them seemed to realize that we had no authority to do either. We were a fact-finding commission appointed by the President with the authority of Congress to learn what the facts were and to state them—no more. When we came to New York the newspapers jumped to the conclusion that we came to settle the coal strike. We were unable to convince them that we had no such authority, and that we were even in a measure exceeding our authority, although by express wish of the President, in acting as a species of arbitration board.

"But we couldn't get one man in a hundred to appreciate that fact, which not only is true of our commission, but which is a basic fact in our form of government. Except in rare cases of riot or war, the Government has no business to step in and tell men for what they shall work or other men what they shall pay or how they shall run their businesses. Yet that is what the American people seem to want done, although they never seem to realize that if it is done in this specific case it must be repeatedly done in other cases, until we may easily discard our present form of government and get under another which will be less irksome only until it hits us individually, which it must do in time. There is a vicious circle in that sort of thing which the fathers foresaw, which they attempted to prevent in writing our Constitution as it is, but which the American people never see when any little difficulty arrives in their affairs."

"There is nothing in the constitutional duties of his office," replied the ex-Vice President, "which any competent Executive cannot dispatch without overburdening himself. The trouble with the Presidency is that it has grown to be something, or a combination of somethings, which the writers of the Constitution tried expressly to prevent its becoming. The framers of the Constitution made the Government to have three branches, each distinct—administrative, executive, judicial. Our tendency is to put all three branches into every office. We want the same officer to write, interpret and execute the law. We demand quick action, spot action, and we want every matter that comes to the attention of the Government to be settled by the same man, as lawmaker, judge and executive, without leaving his chair.

"It is this tendency in the American people which has caused us to develop the Presidency into what it has become. If the President stuck to his constitutional duties of administering the laws and stopped right there he would have no trouble, and mind, I am not criticising any individual. I could easily and well defend, as I have had occasion to do, any of the acts of my late chief, Mr. Wilson. I have no criticism to make of any President.

"The American people are responsible for the condition. They demand that the President shall be three things: First, the constitutional President; second, the leader of his party, and, third, the boss of Congress, which is the last thing in the world the Constitution intended he should be.

"The American people are never more delighted than when the President takes a crack at Congress. They howl with glee whenever he uses the big stick. There is no surer way for a President to gain favor than to boss Congress. All wrong. The people haven't sense enough to know that when the President kicks Congress he is not kicking *his* dog; he is kicking *their* dog."

"Do you advise the present President to change in that respect?"

"I am not an adviser of Presidents. In fact, I must insist that I do not criticise any individual, or even offer any individual advice. I merely lay down principles—general principles for general consumption.

"Another evil in our methods of government is in the constantly increasing tendency of political parties to abandon their platforms as soon as they get into power. I think that if a party is elected on a certain platform it makes no difference what the individual officeholders of that party think of the planks in that platform, they are in duty and in honor bound to make good on the platform.

"The next worst evil in our modern ideas of government is our attempt to regulate the moral universe by constitutional amendment. I believe that no amendment since the Fourteenth has done any good. I am sure that the last four amendments have done great harm in undermining the inherent strength of the Constitution.

"Nearly every one seems to forget that the Constitution provides for the election of the President by electors, not by the people direct. In the first quarter century of our existence it was the custom to elect a Federalist President and a Democratic Vice President, or vice versa. In those days the President was not expected to lead his party in the nation or to boss Congress; he was expected only to be the official head of the nation and to administer the laws. Andrew Jackson was the first to change that, and it has been changed ever since. I do not believe it was a change for the good."

"Is it true, Mr. Marshall," the writer suggested, "that you said, as is reported, that the executive duties of the President are not nearly so killing as the social duties of the Vice President?" It is a fact often remarked in Washington that, due to the custom which prohibits the President from accepting social invitations, the Vice President is sought so frequently in his place that he has to dine out about 364 nights a year.

"I said nothing to indicate that I did not enjoy the social duties of the Vice President," replied Mr. Marshall; "but I did say that the law ought to provide either that only a millionaire should be elected to the office or else that the pay should be considerably raised. In my case, I found that to meet the social obligations of the office I had to do a great many things in the way of earning money which no such officer of the Government should be obliged to do."

"What do you think of the new radical movements which seem to be about to grasp the reins of government?"

"I don't know what radical movements you refer to. I would not like to specify any by name, but I will say this about radicalism and uplifters in general: I have seen and heard a good many of them in my time. And I have found that there is one fault common to them all. They all want to revise the Government downward. They want to inject their reforms from on high, to achieve some overturn in human government by a fiat of that Government. It can't be done.

"Changes in government come in one way only—from the bottom upward—and slowly. That is why these tendencies I have outlined to you seem so dangerous. They have come about in that way—almost without our knowing it. No political party conceived them. No leader or writer put them over on us. They have grown out of our common weaknesses. They are, in effect, overturns of government. And they are far more radical than any radical I know about."

"What remedy would you suggest?"

The reply—the final one—from the prototype of James Whitcomb Riley's heroes and the Hoosier schoolmaster was perhaps a bit whimsical but unforgettable.

"I think," said he, soberly, "that if the American people would quit bowing down to the President of the United States as an idol on the 4th of March and then denouncing him on Dec. 4 as the Asiatic cholera—we might begin to improve."

The writer observed that the former Vice President was smoking a little dudeen, with a stem about three inches long and a bowl as big as a blackberry. "Some time ago," he remarked, "you were quoted as having said that what the United States needed then was a good five-cent cigar. I notice you are smoking a pipe. Does that mean the country has not improved in the intervening period?"

"Not exactly, but it does illustrate what I said about our people wanting the effects of autocracy with all the privileges of democracy. I can't afford to smoke the cigars I like, so I compromise on a pipe. Now, what I would like is for the Government to force the tobacco importers and retailers to sell me for 5 cents the kind of cigar I believe is fitted to my exacting taste. But of course"—He waved the little dudeen in a fantastic curl as he shrugged his shoulders, concluding, "That is merely a bit of my Americanism, the tie that binds me to my fellows."

THE NEW TOWERS OF NEW YORK

Architects' Work Upon the Mountainous Sculptured Masses of the Narrow City.

By FISKE KIMBALL

PROVINCIAL New Yorkers who never go below Fourteenth Street, or perhaps Washington Square, don't yet know the town has another new tower down near the Battery—the Standard Oil. Indeed, if the present rate of increase keeps up New York will soon have as many towers as San Gimignano. Already, to name only the most ambitious, we had the Singer, the Times, the Metropolitan, the Woolworth, the Municipal, the Bush, the Heckscher, and now comes the Standard, and the new Shelton, dominating the upper east side.

Judged by the cañons—or the canyons—of lower New York, to be sure, the Standard tower is not very tall; only thirty-four stories, or 480 feet. At least two whole buildings not purporting to be towers at all raise their entire mass above it—the Equitable, with its thirty-seven stories, and the City Investing Building. Viewed from the bay, indeed, it is like a tower at the foot of a cliff. But from the Hudson, and especially from the East River, its position near the prow of Manhattan gives it a great importance in the silhouette.

The architectural problem, and even the structural problem, were of extreme difficulty. The building lot, bounded by Broadway, Beaver and New Streets, is wholly irregular with a curved front to Bowling Green and no right angles anywhere. Business must be carried on during the operations, so that the building has to be erected piecemeal, and, until its lease shall fall in, one low building on Beaver Street has been bridged over completely. The architects, Carrère & Hastings, with whom Shreve, Lamb & Blake are associated, have not let these temporary difficulties tie their hands, but have proceeded undeterred toward their larger goal—the best composition of masses which the site permits.

Essentially, the scheme used consists of two wings along the eastern and western sides of the plot, with a U-shaped court to the south, and a tower rising at the back of this, embraced between the wings. Whereas in the Woolworth Building the court is faced to the rear, and the tower is pushed forward to the very front so that it tells in the vista down Broadway, in the Standard Oil Building any view from up Broadway was excluded in the beginning by the bend at Bowling Green.

On the other hand, there was a clear view from the south, from Battery Park across Bowling Green, and the architects have chosen to build for this and place their tower in the centre of the mass. This builds up pyramidally with a setback at the tenth story, the main body ending at the fifteenth, and the flanking masses on east and west rising still higher to buttress the tower. The pyramidal roof will be crowned by a finial of allegorical figures.

The curvatures and irregularities below do not appear to disturb the effect, but rather lend picturesqueness and variety in the sharp perspective of the narrow, winding streets at its base.

It is by its varied upbuildings of mass that the building achieves success, rather than by any special novelty or superiority of surface treatment. The formula for the surface is a familiar one—each wall crowned by a range of columns two or three stories in height used as conventional elements to give relief. If they have "no structural meaning," as the Victorians and belated Victorians say, we may answer that the expression of structure is but one possible mode of design in architecture, and that others such as the sculptural modeling of surface for its own sake may be equally admissible. More serious than any argument as to expressiveness is the question whether the form chosen justifies itself by its own intrinsic interest and harmony. The sober harmony is there, but there is not the thrilling interest of the mad flight which sweeps us upward in the Woolworth and Bush towers.

Besides the buildings which have towers come those which are towers. Instead of a slender shaft rising above a broader mass, they rise to full height, over substantially their whole area, yet area and treatment themselves are those of a tower.

The opportunity is more obvious in cases where windows can be pierced on all sides, as early in the Bankers Trust. Here the four faces are uniform in breadth and richness; there is no front or side; the whole building is a vast square tower rising without a break for nearly 500 feet, not to count the crowning pyramid. On any other site this would be recognized as very grandiose; just where the building stands, among close and overpowering neighbors, it passes almost unnoticed. One must confess that its crown is unimaginative and arid, a seeming afterthought, having little connection or relation with what is below.

The older tall narrow buildings were thoughtless slabs, their fronts perhaps richly elaborated, their flanks bare party walls. No Italian architect of the Renaissance, building a church façade as a thing in itself against a barn of crude brick, was more forgetful that the man in the street would see the side, and that there might be a greater virtue in giving a consistent treatment to the whole.

Here Helmle and Corbett, the architects, began a new line in the Bush Building. In spite of its unfavorable site, an ordinary narrow interior lot, it achieved very great distinction, primarily through having been conceived as a whole—a sculptured solid, instead of a mythical paper front. Much praise has been given to the relieving of its blank side walls by the tall lines of darker brick which give a semblance of the shafts in front, but even without these the tower would be good. The side is boldly composed in the mass, its overarched central recess contrasted with the sheer flanking surfaces. The same architects have just repeated their success, with very different forms, in Bush House in London, by the same consideration of their problem as a whole, the mass in its surroundings.

Neither the Bankers Trust nor

(Continued on Page 13)

Right: The Shelton, from Lexington Avenue and 46th Street.

Left: National Fraternity Club Building, 39th Street and Madison Avenue.

Drawings by H. R. Shurtleff.

Standard Oil Building, Lower Broadway.

SAVE OUR LIVERY STABLES

Lamentations Over the Loss of an Irreplaceable American Institution

By JAMES C. YOUNG

GO into any country town and look around for a livery stable. Where the horse once was king the automobile reigns. Gone is the village club of yesterday which used to meet in the stable doorway and talk of many things. It is sad. To the old-timer it is unbelievable. But the average country town has no livery stable. An ancient social institution is no more. Instead are resting places for automobiles, concrete boxes dotted with many windows, where steel clangs on steel and the heart is chilled. Even the word garage is foreign to the land.

Will no one save our livery stables? For many generations of Americans they have been a meeting place, with the illusions of youth clustering around them. Must they pass away, along with that breed of men who knew the moods and whims of a horse, his weaknesses and his nobler parts, as the motorist knows the temper of a tin Lizzy?

To the boy of yesterday the livery stable was the next step after the swimming hole. It was a mark of distinction to be admitted there. Imagine any back alley in any little town with a livery stable half way up the block behind a row of stores in front. Deep wheel ruts ran into the alley from either direction, converging in a worn track between two stone posts at the mouth. These posts were well scarred just at the height of a wheel hub, where hurrying drivers had turned too close. It was a skillful trick to drive so near that there was not room for a sheet of paper between hub and post, then to go careening up the alley and into the stable door at full tilt.

About that door there was always gathered a group such as no garage ever will be able to reproduce. First in importance was Colonel Taylor, seated in an armchair a little to one side of the entrance. He was a tall old man, six feet or better, with a lantern jaw, white imperial and mustache, a head of gray hair and a pair of gray eyes to match—eyes which knew men and horses well and quelled either when need demanded. He was a man of reputation, sometimes with three or four notches on his gun, and always a veteran of the Civil War. He would sit there hour by hour with legs crossed and a quid of tobacco in his cheek. He ran things by a snap of the fingers or a wave of the hand and men took his word as his bond. He was the sort of man to be let alone; one many people would have loved if he had allowed it. But the gray eyes had a way of freezing up, with tiny little points of ice in the centre, which rather made one keep away and leave the man to himself.

When the Colonel was feeling spry he would get up and shake hands with a favored visitor. Sometimes he would unbend and surround himself with cronies, who told vivid tales of horses and dogs and men of the kind who made up the America of yesterday. The Colonel himself was good at a story, especially about the Battle of Bull Run, where he had killed a dozen Yankees single handed. Or it was a dozen rebels instead if he had happened to have been on the other side. In either case, it was always a dozen—with the intimation that he might have done better if the other fellows had not run so fast. The limp in that lame leg of his was proof that he had been there when the Minié balls were flying.

Every time a buggy approached the stable a half dozen hounds stretched about the door would get up lazily and yawn, snapping at flies as they eyed the newcomer, perhaps rushing out with a chorus of yelps to welcome some one they knew. They were fat, friendly beasts, much too fat for a 'possum hunt or a fox chase. The Colonel would swear at them and say that he meant to kill every last one of the pack if Jerry did not keep them out of the way.

Jerry, of course, was old black Jeremiah, who had been at the stable since anybody could remember. And he never was far away, ready to call off the dogs and appease the Colonel. Just one of the lot the Colonel permitted to come near him, that rangy mongrel Nero. As grim and gray as the Colonel himself, the hair about the scruff of his neck stood straight up when things did not go to suit him. Nero's preferred place was beneath the Colonel's chair, where he would lie, head on paws and one eye open. When the Colonel growled Nero growled with him. They were a fair match and there seemed to be a certain amount of affection between them—probably respect, also.

Black Jerry was a character no less. His mouth was full of white teeth which would have served well as an advertisement for some of the new dental creams. Jerry had never heard of such things, but nature had done much better for him than science has been able to do for man. And Jerry was a horseman. It was something to see him lead forth a horse for the inspection of a possible buyer. First there would be a clatter of hoofs from within the stable, then out would come Jerry, leading a big roan groomed even to the Colonel's taste. The roan would have a red halter on his head, with his tail plaited and bent double, often tied with a bit of red string to match the halter, for Jerry was an artist in his way.

When he and the roan came out of the door, Jerry holding the halter, they were a picture to delight the eye and warm the heart. Jerry would smile, his white teeth showing in his big, red mouth, while he gauged the buyer, trying to fathom how much the man might know about horses. Then Jerry would trot the big roan up and down the alley. If he didn't move quite fast enough Colonel Taylor would reach over, pick up his long ringmaster's whip, and give the roan a flick of it as the two went by.

Next he and the buyer would put their heads together, with Jerry waiting off to one side, talking to the roan and shooing small boys away while the crowd of hangers-on looked admiringly at Jerry and the roan and the Colonel and the buyer, just as though they were to have a part in the profits. When the Colonel and the buyer reached the point where they nodded and shook hands and the Colonel got up to go inside and make out the bill of sale—then Jerry would strut forward with the roan, and if the buyer was a real "white man" he would throw Jerry a quarter. Deftly holding the red halter in one hand, Jerry would pick up the quarter with the other, rub it on his breeches and slip it into a pocket, and say, with a wide smile, "Thank'e, boss."

A livery stable of the right sort was whitewashed outside and in. Just inside the entrance was a little office, where in the wintertime a big, round stove shed red comfort on the private circle gathered there. On the opposite side from the office was the harness room, each set hanging on its own particular peg, the best of them covered up to keep the flies away from the brass fittings. In this room laprobes and buggy whips were kept, and sometimes the stable cat was permitted to make a haven in the harness room for her kittens. Jerry went there once in a while with his helpers, and a great oiling of leather and polishing of buckles took place, especially about the time of year when the county fair was held and everybody who had a horse wanted him to look his best.

"A big round stove shed comfort on the private circle gathered there."

"Then Jerry would trot the roan up and down the alley."

If it was a big stable there was a runway starting not far from the door, which went up to a second floor. It was the immemorial custom to have a row of stalls on each side of the main floor, all whitewashed and kept in order by Jerry and his cohorts. Sometimes the harness hung on nails at the ends of the stalls and there was always a litter of straw, oats and such like on the ground. The main floor in a fair-sized stable would hold from thirty to forty horses, and away back in the last corner was a box stall where the thump of hoofs and a great champing and snorting proclaimed that the stallion was at home. A brave boy once in a while would crawl up to the lattice work at the top of the stall and look over at the stallion, his fiery eyes shining in the dark. A few chickens ran about the floor and got fat off the waste grain. Generally there were plenty of fresh eggs in the hay loft.

The thing which distinguished Colonel Taylor's stable and all others of its generation was its bouquet, something not to be defined, which must have been smelled to be appreciated. It was a mixture of horse and dog, man and leather, hay and grain, and all the perfumes of the alley drifted in to make up this master odor of the stable. It permeated everything and everywhere, greeting one's nose as an old friend, or a strange medley, as one happened to be acquainted or unacquainted with the balsam of Colonel Taylor's little kingdom.

All of these things were merely a background for the men who made up the Colonel's private council. There was Zeke Smith, for one, a

(Continued on Page 14)

"Every Saturday night there was a dice game in the back of the stable."

COMING OVERLORDSHIP OF THE INSECTS

Will They in Future Ages Rule the Planet From Which Man's Madness Has Eliminated Him?

By Justice WESLEY O. HOWARD

WHILE I sit reading tonight a large number of little winged creatures fly around my electric light. They are not all alike; there is a great variety of them, different breeds, apparently, and colors. Some are shaped like flying ants, but are not ants; some look like grasshoppers, some like katydids, some like butterflies; some are black, some are green, some are brown. They are not venomous; they do not bite or sting. I don't know how they get in. My windows are screened, and some of these strange, queer creatures, fantastic and daintily shaped, are larger than the meshes in the wire. I do not know what they eat or where they live or sleep. I have never seen them in the daytime. The get along together harmoniously and do not eat each other, as fishes do, or murder each other, as men do.

But wherever they come from, the question arises whether they, and the whole insect race, will in some future age overrun the planet—and rule it? I say rule it, rather than devastate it, for are insects not intelligent and are they not capable of evolution and development, as nascent man was? I only ask this; I do not contend that it is so.

Man sprung from a protoplasm, whatever that is, so evolutionists say, and has conquered the earth and mastered the elements. A protoplasm, however it may be technically defined, is infinitely less than an insect and is the lowest example of animal life, less than the lowest snail, a mere speck of jelly—boneless, spineless, bloodless. But out of that motionless, insignificant, despicable spot of life, hardly life at all, lying a million years ago on the warm sand beaches of the sea, man has developed—so the greatest thinkers think; Darwin, Lamarck, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel and others; and so H. G. Wells thinks. William Jennings Bryan does not agree. He thinks man looked in the beginning just about as he does now and was created with his clothes on, his shoes shined, his hair combed, all shaved, bathed and brushed, ready to walk out. He thinks this happened only about six thousand years ago, over in Mesopotamia at a place known in the Scriptures as the "Garden of Eden."

But whether Bryan and the Scriptures are right, or the scientists and H. G. Wells, I shall not undertake to argue. If the doctrine of evolution is sound, man has advanced from the least of living substances to the noblest of animal life. And the horse has a history of evolution only a little less marvelous than man, for the forerunner of this splendid beast was a little four-toed animal in the beginning, smaller than a fox, and from this insignificant origin the horse has evolutioned into the fleet, proud, intelligent racer of today.

But to go back to the flies around my lamp, the point is this: will they not evolutionize, as man has, they or some other species of the insect race, and after they have conquered and obliterated man, be fit themselves to rule the planet? Many insects, notably spiders, ants, and bees, even at this stage of development, are amazingly intelligent. Ants in particular display almost human wisdom. They build cities, erect tall, commodious dwellings with arches, stories and chambers, construct thoroughfares, tunnel under streams, dig subways, bridge chasms, keep milch cows, fondle pets, grow mushrooms, plant and harvest crops, wage war, make love, educate their young—and, like human beings, enslave their fellow-creatures. The writer of Proverbs was impressed by their industry, wisdom and frugality. He says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise * * * they prepare their meat in Summer."

Thoreau's description of the great pitched battle between two armies of ants is nearly as thrilling as Hugo's "Battle of Waterloo." These diminutive creatures, in this decisive international conflict, seem to have displayed all the strategy, tenacity, valor and patriotism of men. Thoreau says: "The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying. * * * For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden."

Ants may be the particular race of insects chosen by nature to exterminate the human race for they are remorseless invaders and not only march in great armies against each other, but they advance in countless myriads upon the habitations of man. In Africa their legions, like the hordes of Attila, frequently fall upon native villages and with pitiless ferocity kill and devour every living creature that assumes to dispute their progress. At the approach of these immense columns of driver-ants the inhabitants burn their villages and flee in terror for their lives.

"The insect world triumphant."

The prodigious strength of these miniature soldiers, as well as their relentless courage and terrible tenacity, render the ant armies the most formidable of military masses. Each individual soldier is capable of lifting and carrying away ten times the weight of his own body.

And such is the sagacious, vigorous, tireless, merciless, race of ants—the future rulers, maybe, of the world.

It must not be supposed that the insect race is becoming extinct like the wild animals of the forest and jungle; the contrary is the case. It has been the order of the animal kingdom from the dawn of creation that the larger creatures disappear before the onslaught of the smaller ones. The giant dinosaur, sometimes eighty feet long; the frightful plesiosaurus, often forty feet long; the huge mammoth, weighing many tons, and the enormous woolly rhinoceros, have all yielded up their domination of the globe to the lesser creatures.

And so the process continues. Innumerable legions of insects are constantly attacking man and devouring the food that feeds him. The struggle of the human race against the insect world is incessant and desperate. The slightest pause in the battle means disaster. The farmer lights the insect pest from Spring to Fall. Nearly every crop must be sprayed. Unknown new strange specimens appear each year and the scientists and agricultural schools are put to their wits' end to discover a weapon to combat these new enemies of the human race. The tsetse fly is driving the cattle off the ranches of South Africa and infecting the natives with sleeping-sickness. Thus this insect is destroying man, and also the food of man, in the regions it invades.

How soon will a new more venomous virile breed of the tsetse fly appear and sweep over the earth and infect the whole human race with sleeping-sickness? Immense swarms of this blood-sucking, poison-bearing beast might suddenly develop and ravage the whole world before a cure could be invented.

But this calamity is not probable in this age and the race of man is likely to go on millions of years before the insect kingdom becomes triumphant and the last human being sinks under the merciless attack of these diminutive conquerors.

Often I wonder if the older worlds, the planet Mars and the moons of Jupiter, and Saturn and its satellites, and even Uranus and the distant Neptune are not populated by the little creatures that have driven off the great ones.

Jupiter is perhaps almost a sun yet, too hot maybe for life, but its nine moons are cool, probably, and some of them fit even for human habitation. Is this splendid group of worlds uninhabited? Are they only wastes and deserts? Has nature swung them into the firmament without purpose—these great revolving globes? Jupiter itself, giant of all the planets, capable of swallowing up a thousand earths like this—Jupiter with its nine moons and thirty captured comets—is it dead and dumb to life? Does it swing on endlessly in its great circuit round the sun in aimless pilgrimage? And its magnificent satellites, veritable worlds, some of them, do they revolve like clockwork around their parent planet and sweep with it through the solar system without reason?

Ganymede, the biggest of Jupiter's moons, 3,500 miles in diameter, the most splendid satellite in the sky, larger than the planet Mercury—why was this world of hills and valleys and plains planted in the sky? Is it not inhabited? If it is, what race of creatures populates this satellite world? Nobody, of course, can tell, but in the great scheme of nature, races of men like us, maybe, have lived their life there and run their course and been supplanted by the insect tribe.

And, if this is so, where, in the endless ages that have elapsed, has this insect race advanced to? Are they perhaps the monarchs of Mars? Have they developed on that planet the marvelous system of irrigation so plainly seen through our giant telescopes? Has a race of creatures, kindred to the ants, evolutionized on Mars into beings as superior to us as we are to apes? Perhaps their terrible strength, twenty times greater than ours in proportion to their size, has enabled them to dig the mighty canals that drain the thawing waters of the poles to the arid plains of the equator. Human wisdom cannot fathom all the wonders of the sky. Job, looking at the giant sun Arcturus, in the silent Eastern night, exclaimed: "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of Heaven?"

Some astronomers say that the moon has no water or air and cannot, therefore, sustain life and that Saturn is too tenuous and Neptune too cold for life. But life is everywhere—almost. In the places where human judgment assumes that life cannot exist it does, nevertheless, exist. In the deepest chasms of the ocean, ten thousand feet below the surface, in eternal midnight darkness, where the tremendous weight of the water would crush out human life instantly, tiny delicate creatures live, so the great French astronomer Flammarion says. They are brought up often, it is said, to the decks of ships by the sounding lines of sailors.

On the top of Mount Washington, only a few weeks ago, I walked over the barren, cheerless, soilless rocks of that summit, where the storms bellow and beat and the frost bites and kills, and there, snuggled down in the crevices, smiling innocently and serenely, grow the daintiest, sweetest little white flowers in the world.

But the vinegar eel amazes me most. In every drop of strong cider vinegar dozen of eels live. Not microbes, mere microscopical life, but creatures large enough to be seen by a keen naked eye. Who would believe, unless he saw it, that life would abide in this powerful pungent acid? Yet under the microscope there these creatures are, obeying the design of nature, swimming, moving about, whipping against themselves like venomous snakes.

So who can deny that the hand of the Creator has fitted living creatures to the soil and climate and conditions of every world in the sky?

Saturn, more distant, and perhaps more frigid, than Jupiter, with its marvelous rings and its ten moons, sweeping with wondrous speed round the sun, 400,000,000 miles outside of Jupiter—Saturn, where the sun shines feebly and a year is more than twenty-nine of our years—is this mighty planet not the abode of intelligent beings? Or, if it is yet hot and gaseous, does it not warm and nourish life on the ten little worlds that spin around it?

But it is hardly fair to the majestic Titan, the largest and proudest moon of Saturn, to call it a "little world," for it has a diameter of 3,000 miles and in magnitude matches the planet Mercury. The asteroids are the little worlds. They are like Rhode Island rolled up into a ball; some of them a little larger, some much smaller. One of them, Ceres, would be somewhat larger than Texas rolled up into a globe, but most of them as small as counties in globular shape.

But all these worlds, big and little, are inhabited—as I believe. Neptune, in glacial cold, with its one solitary moon, way out on the planetary frontier, where the sun throws out but little heat and twinkles dimly in the awful distance, not much brighter than a star; Mercury, in torrid temperature, the smallest of the planets, swinging in its oblong circle near the sun, and Venus, the tropic world, the twin sister in size of our own mother earth—all these globes are peopled, I think, by intelligent life. And evolution, perhaps, or some other law, on all these globes has replaced the larger specimens of life by the smaller ones.

Perhaps it is the scheme of nature that man shall ultimately surrender up his place on this earth and give way to a superior intellect developing now, maybe, in the insects that swarm about him.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, BOSTONIAN

Anecdotes of an American Portrait Painter Returned to His Ancestral New England

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

BORN in Italy, educated in art in France, an Englishman in accents, habits and habiliments, John Singer Sargent has become in these later years a Bostonian.

Scion of Cape Ann stock, Mr. Sargent has discovered his New England cousins, and he likes them. They like and admire him, and they have tied him up with professional engagements which may easily last him the rest of his life. Successive commissions for mural decorations, for the Boston Public Library, the Widener Library of Harvard University, the rotunda and approaches at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, have occupied him continuously for several years past. Two panels are still to be made for the library, and several for the Museum. Another important decorative engagement has been informally talked over. Much of this work has been done, and more of it doubtless will be done, at Boston, where Mr. Sargent likes to paint because, for the most part, he is left alone.

People in the "low-brow town with a high-brow reputation," a Westerner's quite truthful characterization of Boston, pay little attention to the coming and going among them of the most celebrated painter of the English-speaking world. They thereby please Mr. Sargent, who hates fuss, flummery and the ubiquitous interviewer. In Boston he dodges, measurably, his own réclame. Like another New England artist of national reputation he might ad lib. play cards on a suburban train and disarm his fellow-suburbanites' suspicions by telling them casually that he is in the paint business.

Thus, in his mature years, the maker of the Wertheimer portraits, acclaimed as England's "only living old master," is accredited by the American Art Annual to the Copley-Plaza, Boston. He is a bona fide member of that admirable co-operative enterprise, the Guild of Boston Artists, whose exhibition gallery is at 161 Newbury Street. He occupies a large studio in the Pope Building, Columbus Avenue. He attends symphony concerts and dines frequently at the homes of several kinsfolk. Over week-ends he makes water colors in New Hampshire or on the North Shore. More or less accidentally, without original intent or bias in that direction, Mr. Sargent has become of New England Bostonese.

It requires much questioning of fellow-artists and others to find out much else besides this concerning John S. Sargent, Bostonian. As regards anecdotes and epigrams his personality is antithetical to that of his Massachusetts-born confrère, Whistler. Mr. Sargent is as little of a show-off as Little Butterfly was a big one. The various critical articles that have been written about him rarely quote anything clever he has said. The stories you hear told about him in Boston are gently amusing rather than funny. Some of them probably are not even true, but as they belong to the gossip of the town and the studios they are historical to that extent. They are always fit to print, for Mr. Sargent remains what Whistler once called him, "a sepulchre of propriety." If there were Sargent children their father would not jest concerning their paternity as Whistler did concerning his bastards.

Most of the Sargent anecdotes relate to his unpretentiousness, his distinination to be fussed over. He is one of those men who daily forget that they have ever done anything worth mentioning.

This aversion of Mr. Sargent's to be lionized appears in a story of his keeping his promise to attend a private view of some of his drawings which were to be sold for a war charity. He is punctilious about engagements, and therefore at the hour designated he showed up at the entrance to the art gallery where the works were to be shown. He paused a minute on the threshold and then as the buzz of loquacious familiarity rose on the air he suddenly threw up both hands, exclaimed "Oh, my God!" and bolted for the street door.

Those who gush over his work Mr. Sargent cannot tolerate. During the private showing last Winter of the first installation of rotunda decorations at the Museum of Fine Arts a woman of social consequence pointed ecstatically toward the panel on which Apollo and the Muses are depicted.

"Oh, Mr. Sargent!" she exclaimed, "who and what are those wonderful figures?"

"Just blokes dancing," was the terse reply. "Blokes dancing" may become a studio watchword.

Mr. Sargent's inclination to depreciate his own work is almost certainly not based on mock modesty. A Boston art dealer relates the story of the artist's being present in the anteroom of the gallery when three art students were waxing enthusiastic over his portrait in charcoal of his cousin, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum. It really is a vital drawing, as those who have seen it at the Museum of Fine Arts, where it now hangs, are aware. It is both superficially and psychologically remarkable. The young chaps' laudation, however, did not cause the veteran draftsman to throw out his chest or remark that the old fellow, after all, is still making 'em pretty well. Instead he waited until the youths had left the gallery and then he approached the drawing critically and with a look of increasing dissatisfaction. After surveying it for about five minutes he was overheard to say grimly: "Damn it, damn it, I've got to learn to draw."

In one of his moods of questioning whether he has or has not a right to continue to try to draw and paint Mr. Sargent would probably find a certain reasonableness in the comment made upon his supposed inefficiency by a society woman who saw him at work without knowing who he was. It happened at Dublin, N. H., one of the places where the painter likes to "splash in water colors," as he phrases it, that a woman artist of some distinction was walking on a wooday path with another woman, wealthy and an amateur painter of no especial talent.

They came presently upon a gentleman who sat by the wayside blocking in a water color. Recognizing a friend who does not like to be disturbed when at work, the woman first mentioned nudged the other one to be quiet, and they both stood watching for a few minutes. Then, as they walked on, the society woman observed compassionately: "Oh, dear, isn't it pitiful! Why do people imagine they can paint? There is a man whose hair is turning gray, and you can see from his work that he will never do anything at it." For each example of water-color painting made thus ineptly Mr. Sargent receives a thousand dollars.

The portraits which Mr. Sargent makes or won't make figure in many of the stories told about him. Twenty years or more ago he announced that he had given up portraiture, which he regarded as "the lowest form of art." Pressure and temptation, nevertheless, are frequently put upon him to make one or two more of the likenesses which were the foundation of his international fame.

While in Boston Mr. Sargent paints practically no portraits, except for reasons of sentiment and great personal interest. Charcoal drawings, however, which he can make in a single sitting, he enjoys doing, and during the Winter season he arranges to produce one or two of these each week. The chance to sit for one of them is eagerly sought.

"Send over my drawing board. I must make a mug this morning."

When Mr. Sargent telephones thus to the art dealer who has charge of his business affairs, it means that the ceremony of creating another Sargent drawing for posterity's admiration is about to begin. The head is drawn, with much picking out of high lights and crisping up of edges, in a couple of hours. As the delineation is handed to him to take away, the fortunate sitter makes some remark about payment.

"Oh, anything you like," says the artist carelessly. "Send me your check for £100, if that is satisfactory." Philistines figure up, sometimes, how much the artist might make his time worth, if he chose.

One of those who might have sat to Mr. Sargent for a charcoal portrait, but who passed the opportunity up, is the present President of the United States.

When Mr. Coolidge was elected Governor of Massachusetts Mr. Frank W. Stearns, the Boston merchant, who has been his enthusiastic friend and supporter, thought it would be a fine thing that the future President should be painted by Sargent. A proposal to that effect was made to the artist, who replied, that he was taking no sitters, however distinguished, for oil portraits, but that he would be glad to make a drawing of the Governor.

Mr. Coolidge, so the story goes, went out to the Museum of Fine Arts, looked at several of the Sargent charcoals, decided that they were rather rough and unfinished-looking, and that he didn't like them. He declined the opportunity to be thus immortalized. After all, a man has a right to use his private judgment about his own portrait. Mr. Coolidge would probably cheerfully run the risk of being castigated by a certain English critic, who once visited Boston and who listened at Cambridge to adverse criticisms of the Sargent portrait of President Eliot in The Harvard Union. "Sir," exclaimed the indignant Briton to an officer of the university, "your Mr. Eliot will be remembered a century hence only as the subject of one of John Singer Sargent's less successful portraits."

It is still barely possible to be painted by Mr. Sargent if you can diplomatically lead him to ask you for the privilege instead of your asking him.

One of the few portraits he has painted in Boston is of a Western man who has brains as well as money. This gentleman was in conversation some time ago with the art dealer who is closest to Mr. Sargent.

"I understand that John Singer Sargent is in your city," said the Westerner. "Do you suppose I could induce him to paint my portrait?"

"I can tell you absolutely that you cannot," was the reply. "Mr. Sargent is very busy with his Harvard decorations, and he is taking no portraits. It isn't a question of money. You might offer him any amount and I know he would politely decline."

The Western millionaire, seeming to accept the situation, asked a few questions about Mr. Sargent's mode of living. He learned that the painter, when in Boston, divides his time between his studio and his room at a near-by hotel, where, as he is fond of music, he spends most of his evenings over his own piano.

That information gave the man and his wife a lead. They took rooms in the same hotel and on the same floor with Mr. Sargent. After a short time they one evening sent in to the artist a polite note, stating that they owned one of his earliest canvases and that they would like to ask him a few questions about it.

The work of a man's youth is usually dear to him. Mr. Sargent remembered the picture mentioned in the note. He was naturally curious to know how these people acquired it and how they liked it. He replied that he would be glad to see them that evening.

The pair went in, expecting to stay perhaps ten minutes. The conversation ranged, however, from the picture which they owned to Florence, where Mr. Sargent was born. The woman had been trained as a singer in Italy. They talked much of the music of earlier days. She presently found herself singing at the piano, with Mr. Sargent as her accompanist. The program was repeated on other evenings, to the painter's evident enjoyment. A casual acquaintance soon became a friendship. To the husband Mr. Sargent one day said, in effect: "Something in the modeling and color of your head has interested me ever since you first came in here. I'd like much to paint

(Continued on Page 18)

Martin Birnbaum. By John Singer Sargent.

"The Cigarette." By John Singer Sargent.

Permission of Boott & Fowler.

GRAND STREET ART THEATRE

The Neighborhood Playhouse Imports the Russian Method for Irish Plays

Sketches by Alexander Kotransky

By H. I. BROCK

OF late we have been importing much of our drama from the east of Europe—Hungary, Bohemia, Russia. Our operas and opera directors—except Mary Garden, exported to Paris and brought back again—have generally been exotic. And one of our most esteemed local theatrical institutions last year borrowed a stage director direct from Muscovy.

But, generally, where we did not import the players as well as the plays we have been content with superimposing the alien stuff (as it were) upon our regular stage forces, trained in the approved school of mimicry, the school of Belasco and the rest—a school which lays out for each performer a director-made part and teaches that part to him by rote. It has remained for the little Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street—which itself lies almost as far toward Europe as the East River—it has remained for this little group, set down in the midst of our densest alien population, to undertake to import, not an Art Theatre (as Morris Gest did), but the method of an Art Theatre. And, as it happens, it is the method of that very Moscow Art Theatre which Gest so popularized among us.

The much advertised principle of Mr. Stanislavsky and his associates in that enterprise was to educate actors, not by a process resembling the one successfully applied to the linguistic perfection of parrots, but by another method. This method consists essentially in having the actors in community study the play and the characters in it for a long time beforehand. The process is one of elaborate dissection and earnest discussion. It is followed by another process. This aims to lead the individual actors by reference to their own cunningly elicited emotional experience toward the point of being able to put themselves with emotional conviction in the place of the play characters. So that what they say and do before the audience, and the way they do it, is not a cut-and-dried copy of what somebody has told them they ought to do—this tone here, this inflection there, this gesture here again—but what they naturally themselves do under the injected influence of the character of their adoption—and absorption.

Practically, no doubt, all intelligent actors use this method in spite of unintelligent directors. And all directors, consciously or unconsciously, depend upon some such psychological aid. But in the case of any given production on our commercial stage, in the interest of unity, speed and efficiency, the actors' tones, gestures, movements about the scene are strictly prescribed by higher authority. It is the shortest way for the greatest number. As with Ford cars.

Now, as hardly any American reader can have escaped knowing, the Russian Art Theatre is not merely a theatre presenting plays commercially. It is also a school of acting. It has its graduate company—the same which visited New York and will soon revisit us. It has also its so-called Studios, First and Second, where younger actors are trained and practiced in their art or arts. The Neighborhood Playhouse also, in its modest way, has been, through the decade of its existence, a school of acting. And not of acting only, but of stagecraft generally. Which again is the Moscow way.

Originally a by-product of the Henry Street Settlement's activities among the color and music-loving youth of alien race on the far East Side, the Playhouse has undertaken to provide an outlet for the talents and energies of its pupils—or members—in diverse theatrical forms—in drama, pantomime, ballet. These pupils or members have also made practical experiments in stage sets and devised and executed their own scenery and costumes. For they have their own workshop for properties.

In short, the place has all along been a dramatic laboratory in miniature. It has dealt in practical experiments rather than in theories, and has done with remarkable success several remarkable things. There was Lord Dunsany's "Night in an Inn," for example. There was Granville Barker's "Madras House." There was an extraordinarily spirited and colorful production of "Petrushka." There was "La Boutique Fantasque," and even an operetta, "The Royal Fandango," a lively, bright-plumaged thing composed by a young Cuban. Also there was Walt Whitman's "Salut au Monde," a festival pageant of religions, a sort of revue of high masses, which was more effective in detail than in sequence. But that is the way with festival pageants.

The latest experiment of the enterprising group associated with the little theatre in Grand Street represents therefore no radical departure. It consists in letting Mr. Richard Boleslavsky, Regisseur (as they say) of the Moscow Art Theatre's First Studio, try out the Art Theatre's method on the Neighborhood Playhouse stage with the Playhouse players—reinforced by some outsiders. The production last week of William Butler Yeats's "The Player Queen" and Bernard Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" is the concrete result of this experiment.

They were at least theatrically effective productions, both of them. Somebody said they were almost as good as if the old parrot method had been used in bringing them into being. But that was not quite fair. For Mr. Boleslavsky had only three months to instill his philosophy into actors mostly habituated to the other way of doing things. Three months is a short time to work a revolution—even on the stage. Or perhaps especially on the stage.

The story of what Boleslavsky actually did is interesting. With some pecuniary aid from Mrs. Willard Straight and the co-operation of Miss Helen Arthur of the Playhouse, he assembled at Pleasantville this past Summer some fifteen players, volunteers recruited partly from the ranks of the Playhouse students and partly from Broadway. Up there in the country these volunteers, men and women, were put through a severe regimen of study and physical exercise. For the actor's body is his instrument and must in this ordered system be made plastic to his art by hard discipline. The study was applied especially to the two plays already selected to be acted. The regimen kept everybody busy from early morning till night. It was rather like a military training camp with drama substituted for infantry drill regulations. Three of the volunteers (from the White Light contingent) fell out—their places were filled—and the others stuck it out for the three months in spite of temperaments mercilessly subjected to common sense and routine. They got the two "demonstration" plays pounded (or soaked) into them and the parts of the plays analyzed and interpreted in terms of what they themselves knew and had felt. That was done by reducing the character to what Mr. Boleslavsky calls the acting "spine" of the part—the informing part.

John Campbell as Blanco Posnet in the Shaw Play.

Setting of the First Act of "The Player Queen."

For instance, take that very improper young person Feemy Evans in Mr. Shaw's so deliberately outrageous play about the horse thief. Mr. Shaw delights in being ruffianly when he gives his plays an American habitation. Inside of herself the stage lady of this unladylike embodiment must feel at once abased and resentful. She must be driven to cover her shame with brazen bravado. The young woman assigned to the part at Pleasantville assumed in her quite excusable inexperience to express Mr. Shaw's outcast Feemy in terms of the lower sort of coquetry.

Obviously a kittenish Feemy was inadequate—was, in fact, quite wrong. But Boleslavsky did not try to correct the performance by prescribing concrete right things to do with voice or hand or eloquent body. He does not tell players what to do. In this case he strove to evoke in the player of Feemy the state of mind of the real Feemy. The stage young woman did not need herself to be an abandoned character to get that. All of us have felt ashamed of ourselves for sufficiently good cause and taken it out in bitterness and bravado.

However the thing was accomplished, evoked or inspired, the resulting public performance of Feemy by Miss Pamela Gaythorne had a fine acrid flavor and the note of sincerity. Similarly the performance of the Player Queen by Miss Aline MacMahon gave evidence of what seemed understanding of the business in that case. Miss MacMahon seemed to have got into the skin of Yeats's wench, beautiful, ambitious, gutter-bred, thwarted, betrayed, sardonically tricked at the very last into the very Queenship she coveted.

Dennis Clough as Septimus in "The Player Queen."

By the way, these two plays by Irishman—the Yeats play and the Shaw play—were selected and teamed together by the Russian director for the sake of the contrast between the mystical and the realistic. He coveted the wide range of theatrical steps which the combination afforded. Thus, he was enabled to present the same player to the same audience in parts as different as possible. The success of his training is so far evidenced, at least, that practiced observers in the house, were unable to identify the same player in his different parts in "The Queen" and in "Blanco."

Both plays deal in rude language and exploit situations more passionate than polite, so that opportunities for dramatic sensation are numerous—to the distinct advantage of spectacle and experiment alike. Yeats is robust as well as poetical, and the other Irishman, Shaw, is bent to shock the fastidious. One is set in a Maxfield Parrish dream castle on a hill and tuned to a dream mood to match—a mocking mood, to be sure. The other is planted in a Western American court room realistically translated into stage terms. In each case the performance caught and held the mood and in the second case the orchestration and tempo of the whole was extraordinarily good.

The stage settings—sharply contrasted like the stage pieces—were designed by Alexander Kotransky, also a Russian who had his part in the scenic production of the "Chauve-Souris." Each lends itself to its proper illusion of poetry or matter of fact, and at least one of the settings for "The Player Queen" was really beautiful. This is a department in which the Playhouse has done much that is agreeable and picturesque, and credit for what has been made of Mr. Kotransky's designs is doubtless largely due to the Playhouse workshop.

Obviously and confessedly the present experiment in Grand Street represents the beginning of a more ambitious and more conscious, deliberate and directed program toward the creation of a real theatrical studio—one that will give to playwright composer, librettist, actor director, scenic artist, costumer a chance to put forward the best that is in him and will assist him experimentally to find the best. Such a studio might give the public plays which the larger public cannot always get in the open market, yet frequently takes to surprisingly when it does get them.

Already the Neighborhood Playhouse has been the first to produce Dunsany on any stage. "The Player Queen" has never been seen before in this country, though it has been done in London and in Ireland. The organization may yet reach the point of launching an American play of the quality Broadway will touch only when it bears the foreign label and the stamp of achieved success. Indeed, the next venture of the Playhouse is already advertised as an "American comedy." This is to be followed in the course of the season by a pantomime ballet and another edition of the Grand Street Follies. In that highly modern and metropolitan form the Far East Side has not hesitated before now to throw down the gauntlet to Broadway and Greenwich Village. After all, Grand Street is very much New York.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Comment on Some of the Current Exhibitions*

"Afterglow." By Matilda Browne.
On Exhibition at the Milch Gallery.

OF all the mediums of art water-color is the most enchantingly youthful; the freshest, that is, and most stimulating in its irresistible innocence of oily intrigue. To paint well in water-color is especially difficult for the simple reason that even bad painting makes such a good-looking appearance in this friendly medium. It is a temptation to the light-minded not to do as well as they can.

The group of artists represented by their work in water-color at the Kraushaar Galleries are as little as possible light-minded. They are one and all absorbed in the search for form and movement. That has meant for more than one seeker in past times the lantern and the tub of Diogenes, and his solitariness as well. No one ever really has liked Diogenes, and if it were not that we are a generation pledged to like what we never liked before we could imagine ourselves asking of the ambient air what there was to attract us, please us, hold us, in these scraps of paper, many of them a little grim, all of them plugging away toward their share of cosmic truth.

There is Luks, George Luks of the dancing waifs and grinning cabbies, of a world in which all sorts of social and moral relaxations are seen to lead to joyousness, and he is painting now the mines of the Schuylkill region and the miners, and the daughters of the mines, a sooty world in which nothing but the lamp on one's helmet gives light, and form grows out of shadows. Luks never says anything so explicitly as to be a bore. Nor does he see things so conventionally that you immediately forget how he has seen them. Nor does he use an execution which is merely a formula learned by heart and automatically repeated. Consequently, whether he tries a new thing or an old thing he is interesting; but his preference lies in the direction of the new thing. No one seems to have tried the Schuylkill miners before, and there are no empty, stereotyped forms into which pouring new material is comparatively easy. You can feel the pulse of this true artist quicken to the beautiful opportunity for making individual molds.

Of course, he does it with humor. It is not his way to leave that bright arrow to loaf in the quiver. An immense amount of humor in the Hibernian countenance of Mike Cummins of the mercifully blurred mouth, the mighty hunched shoulders, the stubbornly planted feet. Certainly a good miner, but what a man to deal with! The characterization is so rich that the corporeal significance is almost forgotten, but as art it is the remarkable handling of form that counts, form that grows so casually, so raggedly, until it is there before you, whole and bulky, its inner substance incontestably filling the outer shell. And energy is there, in the slouching figure of Mike, in the more compact figure of David Parrish, Welshman; in the fat "Daughter of the Mines," energy at rest, but there, nevertheless, to give life.

Some of the pictures are of mining towns and the landscape about them, and these Luks has treated with a perhaps unconscious suggestion of crackling fires, of light snapping out of cloudy shadow. Handsome they are, but far less splendid than the dim living shapes and volumes of the figure subjects.

William Zorach is happy in having nothing human in his pictures at this exhibition. His old predilection for extracting the bones of a figure before serving it has no chance. In his landscapes, waterfalls and mountains, rocks and pools, he is free to exercise his great talents upon material with which they work more sympathetically than with human various. In them he shows himself the apostle of the new religion of organization, as old in truth, of course, as all other new religions. His waterfall drops sheer over a wall of rock. There is no attempt to show a tumult that in many a futile portrait of waterfall is substituted for that smooth, heavy drop, the weight of the massive element pulling out every surface ripple. Once landed, the water begins to fume toward escape, the sharp stones in its path protesting and opposing; all suddenly is visible activity; every part of the composition speaks of the strong forces of nature; the whole creation travaileth. That is the way the stronger of the modernists feel about nature. Instead of making an idol in her name and hanging it with tawdry imitations of her adornments, or for that matter with imitations that are far from tawdry, they attempt to penetrate to the forces back of her ceaseless ebb and flow, to construct some symbol that shall convey sense of these forces to the questing human mind, to organize instead of imitating appearances. It is a tremendous task to take over and like the miner they work in darkness, but their reward often is great.

Zorach's knowledge, deep and intricate, of the secrets of pattern also is displayed in these finest of his works. Observe for example the picture with a pool, no doubt it has a name. The first impression is that of depth, a deadly depth of cold water lying at the feet of the high-spiked rocks completely surrounding it. That would be enough for a single-track intelligence, content to block traffic with the uninterrupted circle of the pool, but the artist cleverly leads you out of the apparent impasse, in danger of prison you are set free, there is a real leap of the mind in realizing the outlet from the imprisoning scene. The most moving of the Zorachs, however, is one that sinks analysis in emotion. In "The Sunset" sullen flames of color lap against the near cliffs and stain the horizon, a kind of color known to Eastern countries before barter and trade dominated, when to make was better than to sell, and what you made was worth more to you than anything that any one would give you for it. When later generations dispute "The Sunset" and "The Waterfall" together with the drooping boneless ladies and gentlemen of typical Zorachian pattern it glibly will be decided that there were two Zorachs, quite different from one another, although working at the same period and under the same name with a natural confusion of production. The experts thus deciding will be not so far wrong.

Gifford Beal is one man only, single in purpose and in accomplishment, seeking also form and movement but with a certain stress upon the latter and a tendency to place rhythm before energy. Note the rhythms of direction in his men hauling nets, pulling carts, fishing, giving play to their muscles in various exercises of strength and skill. Occasionally the plastic character of a form eludes him, never the rhythmic character of a gesture. He delights in showing the teamwork of men in pairs or groups where the swing of an arm, the thrust of a leg is accentuated by the echoing movement of another. The figures are apt to have a clean athletic line, something is said about the American type in each of them whatever the nationality of the actual persons may have been. The American type is in the artist himself and he gives it to those he creates; under no circumstances can he quite withhold it.

The color in the boating subjects of Reynolds Beal has a little the same quality and the color takes a greater importance than in the work of his brother, not because it really is more important but because the form is less so. When we come to Maurice Prendergast at the end of the short list color reigns triumphant. Every one knows that form is there also, and intricate pattern, and a delicious sense of passing to and from a place of special pleasantness and grace of sunshine and sweet airs. But color is the main thing and no Belgian flower bed ever bloomed with purer lustier hues. It is interesting to compare a little early thing sparsely sprinkled with thin blots of red and green and yellow with the opulent fabric of one of the recent subjects. It is a deep-chested matronly art that has grown from the earlier flat daintiness.

It cannot be said that Matilda Browne, whose exhibition is on at the Milch Galleries, seeks form and movement with stern resolve to admit no extraneous attribute, to risk caricature rather than commonplace. Many of the pastures and gardens in her friendly pictures lean quite heavily upon commonplace associations for their support. And she snaps her fingers at a sky with clouds with a perversity unworthy of her powers. She is highest in excellence with cows loitering in dappled shade and calves making awkward passes and taking startled poses. And she is good with gardens, giving the general impression of opulent bloom without too great care for the individual flower or bush. But in acknowledging her tendency to accept ready made a pretty scene and to decline the effort of making individual and significant form and pattern for her subjects through searching observation of their deepest reality, it is necessary to remember that her easy-going method conceals merits difficult to achieve. Did not Julien Dupré, cousin of the more famous Jules, ask her for her sketch book because he himself "could not draw cows sitting down?"

She not only can draw cows sitting down but she can draw them in almost any attitude of the few they are apt to assume; she can draw the bewildered ineffective aspect of a calf and the lumbering grace of a full grown pig as well as any one, better than most of the French animaliers, always excepting Gaul. When she models she shows better than in her paintings her command of her subject. Its anatomy is A B C to her. To tell the plain truth she is a better sculptor than painter, because in the less familiar material she is more spontaneously herself. As a painter she is at her best in a picture of the Erie Canal in moonlight, free in brushwork, true in the generalized shapes of foliage and banks, distinguished and austere in color. Should she follow that path to the end of the chapter she would do justice to herself and her gifts.

A number of the galleries are showing examples of well known masters in which an unfamiliar side of the artist's mind is revealed, or an unusual type of subject is described.

Rodin, more than one other great artist, is most pleasure-giving when he is least aggressively himself. When he models from the roughest of stone the smoothest of form, and establishes that "ombre flottante" which satisfies his need for air, constructing, exaggerating, complicating, he is indeed a great artist, but disturbing in his greatness; especially disturbing when he adds symbolism to his effort at representing nature. He reverences nature and trusts her only a little. Never admits that she is equal to delivering his message without help of descriptive gesture or symbolic accessories. Europeans seem to understand this inner necessity for external support better than our more direct American minds.

His Victor Hugo, for instance, Meier-Graefe astutely analyses the power of the group as it appeared in plaster; a power dependent upon mathematical arrangement, upon angles, curves, related spaces. All that he says is true, but he leaves unsaid the unpleasant effect upon the mind of the incongruity between the whispering genius and the figure of the poet, an incongruity so great as to make the effect of the whispering genius that of a toy conceived for a childish imagination. The very fine head—considered a first version—now at the Scott and Fowles Gallery, is far more expressive of the urge to creation without the whispering one, is, indeed, the most expressive head by Rodin in this country, so far as public exhibition reveal him. Meier-Graefe calls it "a battlefield of thought," but he might have added that the battles almost too obviously have been won. The furrowed brow suggests, of course, the struggle of a mind to form its still nebulous idea, but the furrowed brow is ever so little a mannerism, with this genius so simple in his conceptions, so complex in his methods. You see it in one example, the Gustave Mahler

"Fishermen." By Gifford Beal.
On Exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries.

at the Brooklyn Museum, and it seems to be the inspired way to indicate intellectual throes. The knotted holes of the forehead say nothing else. In the Victor Hugo is the same strenuous modeling, and upon none is it more appropriately spent than upon the author of Notre Dame and Toilers of the Sea. The lower part of the face, however, as in the Mohler, discloses a weakness that might be of the will and could not be; a flicker of self-esteem that could not exist with the other qualities of that noble and humble mind. The lower part of the face is the stumbling block in many of Rodin's interpretations of character, so frequently a stumbling block that one almost must think the disquieting contrast with the upper part intentional, with the purpose of emphasizing the quality of the latter.

The Victor Hugo head is, nevertheless, interesting and very much alive.

At the Ehrich Galleries also is a head, interesting and alive, but as far from the Rodin as Philadelphia from Paris. Not sculpture but painting, the painting of Charles Willson Peale.

The subject is a woman of almost forgotten type, hair incredibly smooth and fine, drawn up over a "rat" to form a pompadour; small, disapproving mouth; cool, cynical eyes, a delicate wrist and graceful hand, a blue silk gown fussily cut but made beautiful with smoky films of brownish lace, a figure as straight as a ramrod, the graceful hand resting upon a leather-bound book, "Locke on Education."

No one knows her. She may be a teacher, and "instructress of youth," or a simple bluestocking, but she is the prettiest thing on Fifth Avenue. Thought never has knotted her smooth brow, Locke leaves her unruffled in spirit if not in bodice, and all the strength of will denied by Rodin to his Victor Hugo is given by Peale to his nameless lady. She must have been a teacher, and what a teacher she must have been! No wonder our ancestors entered college at 14 and commanded armies before they could raise beards. Obviously there is more than one way of indicating character and getting below the superficial.

Tosui Shimuai has a way of his own. Japan overlaid with Paris, overlaid with Woodstock, but mostly Japan. From Japan, where he was born, he gets his humor, not the humor of any other race than the Japanese. It prompts him to look at the passing scene with an eye for incongruity. He would never have made a whispering genius an adjunct to the portrait of a great poet unless he had done so with the clear intention of being funny. And he would not have had such an intention in making the portrait of a great poet. But he can be funny about almost everything.

His paintings are now on exhibition at the Brummer Galleries. In most of them you discern an oblique gaze at what most of us pass over in silence. He illustrates that tendency in caricature by which we are shown ugliness that we may know beauty, in which we are laughed at for sake of an ideal at which no one laughs.

Observe "Summer Evening at Sherman Avenue"—the group in which a man carries a tired rag of a child flung over his shoulder, a woman fills to overflowing the scant dress of the moment, another child leads on to victory and the ice cream pavilion; the other group, of a woman with a baby carriage and a woman with a dog, equally oblivious of responsibility; the third group, of "petters," the gaunt woman leaning high-shouldered from a balcony that serves the purpose of a box for the continuous performance going on below, the high, small-waisted tennis player eating ice cream, each indubitable and the kind of thing we swear we do not see when we walk abroad, knowing all the time that we do see it.

"The Road to the Ferryboat"—no one commuting to exquisite Englewood could be counted on to acknowledge the truth of that sly vision. You may put plain questions: "Is the road steep that leads to the ferry?" Exceedingly steep, but—. Very well, Mr. Shimuai has given you the steepness of the road without compromise. "Does the mounted policeman bring things to a sudden stop with a gesture that reminds you of your old Noah's Ark?" Perhaps he does, but—. Mr. Shimuai has shown you that wooden gesture. He has shown you the surprise of the horses at the side of the road, the labor of an automobile ascending the hill, all the things that give the character of the place, but he has made a little fun of it in his amused Japanese way. That is what brings on our attack of indignation.

There is much besides fun in the pictures. Beautiful architectonics with the dull rectangular buildings of the city; color, deep, grave, full, essential harmony underlying conflict; imagination underlying fantasy. Certainly it is Japan and not Paris or Woodstock that takes such pains to conceal solemnity without denying it.

It would be grotesque to take Mr. Shimuai too seriously, but it would be stupid not to take him seriously enough. He constitutes a difficult little problem for the Western mind. His exhibition lasts until the middle of November.

For the completest contrast turn to the charming old-fashioned aquatints at the Kennedy Galleries: "Drawn on the Spot" the artists are careful to inform their exigent public—as though any one could doubt it, with every hair of the eyebrow of the scene scrupulously described.

"Richmond Bridge," dedicated with permission to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry by his obliged, devoted, humble Jonathan Brown—the bridge playing only a minor part in spite of its preferred position on the plate, the real drama going on at the side with little episodes of fighting swans, cows with crumpled horns, flirting milkmaids, boys fishing; the Town of Sterling drawn on the spot, with cows driven to the shed by a man in plaids, a dog baying at their heels, a gentleman in a high hat looking on, a market girl with bare feet looking on, a Highlander seated on a step looking on, infinite leisure for immaculate draftsmanship.

"Richmond as Seen from Above the Bridge," with dark furled sails, a finer sense of color. Then Bennett's plates of Buffalo, Detroit and other American towns, rather hideous but precious. In spite of all that is better done, things of this kind are done not nearly so well today because the art of taking pains has lost prestige.

The exhibition of the Women Painters and Sculptors closes this week to make room for the Academy. Revisited, the galleries reinforce a first impression of embroidered surface. No man has surpassed woman in the art of embroidery, possibly for the reason that it is the most impersonal of arts. To express themselves, women, especially American women, choose naturally an impersonal vehicle. And impersonality is the keynote of this pleasant exhibition by which not a pulse is forced to a quicker beat, not a moment's agitation engendered.

The nearest you come to it is with Theresa Bernstein's "The Milliners," women with heavy eyelids of the East, with the color of the East in the silks and velvets among which they are working, and in the technique a richness of finish that has nothing to say of polish or prettiness. The characterization counts heavily. These faces show absorption, some of them in the work, some of them in themselves, but always a kind of concentration with the vacancy of other painted faces is accentuated.

Hilda Belcher's "Aunt Jennifer's China" also has character, but of a shallower kind. "The Flowered Wall," by Gabay Esperanza, moves one just a little by the quality of personality in the very young figure almost blotted out against the flowered background. I. Pulis Lathrop's "Portrait of Barbara Follett" is conspicuous for that blessed lost quality of taking pains. Christina Morton's "The Alien" is the first step toward a strong study of character diverted by the amazing shawl.

Paulette Van Roekens won an honorable mention with her pink "Independence Hall," but her handsome "Crystal and Oriental Poppies" was more deserving. Gertrude Fiske's "Mary" achieves a human note in the face above an inhuman checked apron of red and blue. Some of the landscapes have a freedom not in any of the figure subjects, Anne Goldthwaite's "Crossroads at Boquehoma," for example. Florence Gottheld's delicate arrangement of flowers in a red has a taunting charm.

There is in much of the sculpture a vitality that matches better with the paintings and etching of the foreign guests than the general spirit of the American paintings. Brenda Putnam's "Mischievous Faun" prances with a buoyancy far from galvanic; Alice Morgan Wright's "Captain of His Soul" has a classic splendor not to be found in her prize-winning "Medea." A beautiful crouching figure by Nanna Bryant is both compact and free.

The foreigners in the print room include Kaethe Kollwitz. This powerful ally of the people's movement in Germany—the Germany of twenty or thirty years ago—with her message of suffering and poverty, makes a poignant contrast with the vivacity of a Marie Laurencin.

The message is given with no uncertainty, and the depth and richness of her line corresponds to the emotional content of her subject matter. More than one critic in her own country has commented upon the "masculine" quality of her work. Nothing feminine here, they say, only manly strength and self-control. In answer let the Greeks tell us.

Does not Electra ally to Orestes that by Queen Artemis, the virgin maid, of women folk she ne'er will be afraid, and does not the wiser Orestes remind her that while such may be the case, she nevertheless must remember that the war god does dwell in the feminine breast?

Many other exhibitions are opening this coming week, and it is safe to assume that not one of them will be without reward for the visitor of reasonably flexible mind.

What a fakir you are, some one said to some one who was able to find his account in a mid-Victorian artist on one block and a horde of modernists on the next. What a fakir you are to pretend you like things so antagonistic to one another. And so you would be if you really were in a condition to tolerate only one kind of food from art's bountiful table. But you wouldn't be a healthy fakir. Better your mixed meal and contentment therewith than a diet of beefsteak and arterio-sclerosis.

"A Daughter of the Mines." By George Luks.

On Exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries.

"The Milliners." By Theresa Bernstein.

Taking the Clinic's Prize at the Exhibition of National Association of Women Painters and Sculptures.

"Berkshire Pig." By Matilda Browne.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE DALAI LAMA

(Continued from Page 3)

points of metaphysics and theology he leaves to others, but he is possessed of a great deal of acumen and acuteness. Above all, he is blessed with the faculty of being able to choose wisely his human instruments. His most notable success along this line is Tsarong Shapé, and the wisest thing he ever did was to place in Tsarong's hands much of the reorganization of the State.

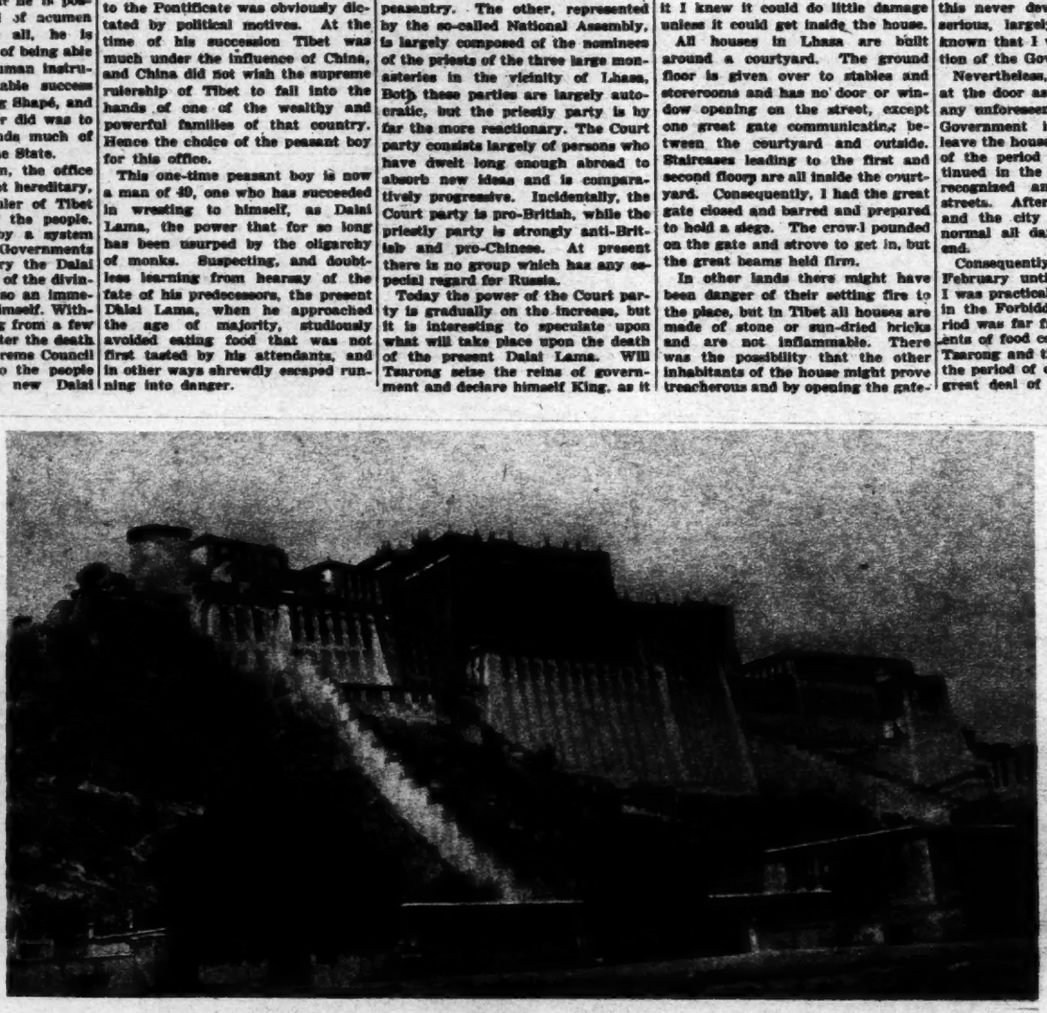
As is generally known, the office of the Dalai Lama is not hereditary, nor is this supreme ruler of Tibet elected by the will of the people. Rather is he chosen by a system which is unique in the Governments of the world. In theory the Dalai Lama is an incarnation of the divinity, Chenresi, and is also an immediate reincarnation of himself. Within a short time, varying from a few months to two years after the death of this Pontiff, the Supreme Council of monks announces to the people the discovery of the new Dalai Lama. This new Dalai Lama may be an infant of a few weeks or a child as old as 2 years, but in any case he must have been born subsequent to the death of the last Dalai Lama, whose soul is supposed to have transmigrated into the body of the infant. Sometimes before the death of the old Pontiff the latter intimates to his councilors that he will probably be born in this or that part of the country or in this or that type of family. Such an intimation, of course, simplifies matters for the councilors when the time comes to make the choice. But where no such intimation is given or where there is a division of opinion among the councilors, recourse is made to divination in the way of casting of lots.

Not only is the Dalai Lama thus chosen to succeed himself as a new incarnate Buddha, but the same method is used in the choice of other high ecclesiastics, particularly the abbots of many important monasteries throughout Mongolia and Tibet. In the case of these less important Lamas, however, the succession generally follows regularly, and each incarnation attains to a ripe old age. But the Dalai Lamas have been much less fortunate.

The first four Supreme Pontiffs were purely religious leaders and had no political significance, consequently they, too, had the average duration of life. It was the fifth incarnation who managed by the aid of the Tartars to make himself the temporal ruler of the country. Thereafter a great deal of political intrigue began to be bound up with the fortunes of each succeeding incarnation. After a century of irregular successions, the Dalai Lama "succeeded himself" in an extraordinarily rapid number of rebirths, and down to the time of the present Pontiff, who is the thirteenth in the line of succession, no Dalai Lama has lived to be more than 18, the age of majority. In other words, the boy Dalai Lamas have for a long time all been puppets in the hands of the priestly oligarchy which rules the country. These all-powerful priests, fearing that an adult Dalai Lama might not always be sufficiently plastic in their hands, saw to it that the Supreme Pontiff was called to a "new incarnation" when he reached the age of majority.

The present Dalai Lama is the first one in over a century to escape this fate. He is a man of acumen and of great strength of character, as has previously been indicated. In no way has he manifested those characteristics more than in his supreme achievement, namely, escape from death up to his present age. The son of a peasant, his succession to the Pontificate was obviously dictated by political motives. At the time of his succession Tibet was much under the influence of China, and China did not wish the supreme rulership of Tibet to fall into the hands of one of the wealthy and powerful families of that country. Hence the choice of the peasant boy for this office.

This one-time peasant boy is now a man of 49, one who has succeeded in wresting to himself, as Dalai Lama, the power that for so long has been usurped by the oligarchy of monks. Suspecting, and doubtless learning from hearsay of the fate of his predecessors, the present Dalai Lama, when he approached the age of majority, studiously avoided eating food that was not first tasted by his attendants, and in other ways shrewdly escaped running into danger.



The Potala, Palace of the Dalai Lama, at Lhasa.

On reaching the age of 18, he insisted upon claiming the power that was nominally his, and grudgingly this was granted him. Emboldened by success and by the "will to power," as well as the "will to live," the present Dalai Lama embarked on his own responsibility upon a fearless, if somewhat indiscreet, foreign policy. His apparent overfriendliness for Russia and his overtures to that country succeeded in arousing the hostility of both Great Britain and China; that of the former in particular, of which the more or less direct consequence was the British expedition under Colonel Younghusband into Tibet in 1904.

Upon the entrance of British troops into Tibet the Dalai Lama fled incontinently into Mongolia from which country he later crossed over to China and lived for a time in Peking. In 1908 he returned to Tibet but was destined to remain there only about eighteen months before "on the wheel of things" it became China's turn to act the part of invader of Tibet and the turn of Great Britain, i. e., British India, to act the part of host offering refuge to the fugitive. From 1910 to 1912 his Holiness remained in India.

Since 1912, when, through the activity of Tsarong, the Chinese were ousted and the Dalai Lama returned to power in Lhasa, it has been the part of his Holiness to "set his house in order." It is a part for which, considering the many obstacles which have beset his path, he has shown unusual capacity. As the result of his activity, the present political situation in Tibet is one of unusual interest. The country is sharply divided into two actively partisan groups.

One is the Court party, headed by the Dalai Lama and his Cabinet, and which is supported by a considerable portion of the lay nobility and of the peasantry. The other, represented by the so-called National Assembly, is largely composed of the nominees of the priests of the three large monasteries in the vicinity of Lhasa. Both these parties are largely autocratic, but the priestly party is by far the more reactionary. The Court party consists largely of persons who have dwelt long enough abroad to absorb new ideas and is comparatively progressive. Incidentally, the Court party is pro-British, while the priestly party is strongly anti-British and pro-Chinese. At present there is no group which has any especial regard for Russia.

Today the power of the Court party is gradually on the increase, but it is interesting to speculate upon what will take place upon the death of the present Dalai Lama. Will Tsarong seize the reins of government and declare himself King, as it is sometimes whispered may be the case; or will he, perhaps more astutely, be instrumental in the choice of an infant Dalai Lama of a type that can be molded to his own point of view and way of thinking? Or will a very old prophecy be in reality fulfilled, namely, that the thirteenth Dalai Lama will be the last, that after his death Tibet will be opened up to the "white barbarians" of the West, and the title Dalai Lama be but a memory of the past? Easy to put the question, but who can answer?

My mind was dwelling on these things as I sat in amiable conversation with his Holiness. We talked only on general matters, but he asked me to keep our interview secret for the time being. At the end of an hour I took my leave and returned to Lhasa and my dwelling in the same stealthy way that I had come.

The next morning (Feb. 27) the storm broke. I knew that after the news of my arrival had been communicated to so many persons it was impossible for it to remain long a secret. Rumors about me had been spreading for the last several days, and had eventually reached the ears of some of the more fanatical monks. Consequently, in the morning I saw quite a crowd collected under my window. This continued to swell in size, and by the afternoon it had become turbulent. Two or three of the bolder spirits raised a howl and called on me to show myself, while others shrieked "Death to the foreigner!" Others then joined in, and a regular hymn of hate came up from below. Stones and sticks began to be thrown.

Fortunately my flat was on the second floor and very inaccessible, but a few stones hit the window and the glass panes were broken. But as the mob had no firearms with it I knew it could do little damage unless it could get inside the house.

All houses in Lhasa are built around a courtyard. The ground floor is given over to stables and storerooms and has no door or window opening on the street, except one great gate communicating between the courtyard and outside. Staircases leading to the first and second floors are all inside the courtyard. Consequently, I had the great gate closed and barred and prepared to hold a siege. The crowd pounded on the gate and strove to get in, but the great beams held firm.

In other lands there might have been danger of their setting fire to the place, but in Tibet all houses are made of stone or sun-dried bricks and are not inflammable. There was the possibility that the other inhabitants of the house might prove treacherous and by opening the gate-way from within allow the crowd to enter, but though as a precaution I placed two of my servants on guard at the gate, I had no great fear, as it was known that a mob was likely to damage all around, and I thought that every one else would have an interest in keeping the rabble out.

It was rather thrilling to have a crowd outside howling for one's blood, but though my servants were terribly frightened, it seemed likely, from what I saw, to prove a safe amusement. It then occurred to me that I would like to see the storming of my house from the outside. The crowd had its attention so fixed upon the spot where I ought to be that no one would ever dream of looking for me among the rioters.

Accordingly, just for the frolic of the thing, I carefully renewed my disguise, slipped out by a secret door at the back of the courtyard, and then went through the streets to the front of the house and joined in the throng. Not to be outdone by the others, I occasionally let out a yell myself, and once or twice, to make the thing more realistic, picked up a small stone and threw it at my own window. I always was a bad shot, however, and only managed to hit a window in the floor below mine, the glass of which at once smashed to pieces.

After half an hour this entertainment began to pall on me and I returned to the inside of my abode by the same way that I had left. I heard afterward that Tsarong had held the troops in readiness to be rushed to my defense in case the mob had got into the house, but this proved unnecessary. When darkness crept on and the time for dinner arrived, the crowd gradually melted away. During the next few days small groups of people gathered in front of the house and occasionally made hostile demonstrations, but this never developed into anything serious, largely because it became known that I was under the protection of the Government.

Nevertheless, guards were posted at the door as a precaution against any unforeseen eventuality, and the Government implored me not to leave the house during the remainder of the period that the monks continued in the city lest I should be recognized and attacked on the streets. After the monks had left and the city had settled down to normal all danger would be at an end.

Consequently from the 27th of February until the 13th of March I was practically a prisoner of State in the Forbidden City. But this period was far from unpleasant. Presents of food constantly arrived from Tsarong and the other officials, and the period of enforced rest did me a great deal of good physically. My tedium was relieved in a number of ways. During this time numerous public processions and ceremonies were held, and practically all of these either took place or passed by under my window. I thus had a unique opportunity of studying the sacred rites of Tibetan Buddhism.

One of the most interesting of these was the torchlight procession of the Dalai Lama and all the great officials through the streets of Lhasa on March 3, the night of the full moon of the Tibetan first month. A humorously incongruous touch was added by the large body of troops from Tsarong's new army, who went before and after as a bodyguard. The officials were dressed in their medieval costumes, while the soldiers wore British uniforms and were armed with modern rifles. At the most solemn part of the procession the regimental band struck up "Should a body kiss a body comin' through the rye?"

Another source of entertainment was afforded by the large number of Lhasa notables who came to visit me. These included officials, priests, officers in the new army and merchants. From these I obtained a great deal of original information regarding the present life of Tibet. On the 13th of March the ecclesiastical Mayors handed back their authority to the civil officials, and the same evening practically all the monks left the city. It was curious to see how empty the city appeared. During ordinary times the population of Lhasa is less than 20,000, but during the New Year it swells to five times that number.

On and after the 14th of March I was free to wander about the city. This I frequently did, making notes concerning topographical and architectural details; but I was already tired of Lhasa and anxious to return to India. I had some little difficulty in getting permission to leave, but ten days later, March 24, the Kashag granted me the permit to travel, animals sufficient to transport my party and passes which enabled me to stay at the Government rest houses en route. At the same time, they insisted on giving me an armed escort, as they were afraid that an attempt might be made on my life somewhere on the road. All went well, however. I took the way from Lhasa to Gyangtse, from Gyangtse went over the old road to Yatung and from Yatung journeyed through Sikkim, and on April 17 once more found myself in Darjeeling. The Tibetan adventure was at an end.

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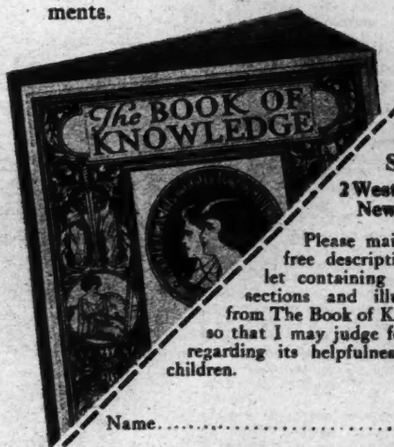

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SAVE OUR LIVERY STABLES

(Continued from Page 6)

tall, angular man with a bad brown eye, who chewed quantities of tobacco and played banker for the town poker game. He had a special corner to himself somewhere upstairs, the rendezvous of kindred sporting spirits, especially on a Saturday night or Sunday afternoon. It was said that Zeke could do wondrous tricks with the cards, and he was somewhat suspected. Zeke loved poker as Colonel Taylor loved a horse, as some men love a woman, or as a few love their country. It was his passion, the beginning and end of things for him. Zeke knew little save that one thing, but he knew that well, including the tricks.

And every Saturday night there was a dice game in the back of the stable which far surpassed the diversion favored by the more cultured circle of Zeke Smith, a game accompanied by plaintive appeals to "Answer me, big Dick," or "Show you love me, lil Jo." Jerry presided at these weekly affairs and liberally "cut" the pot. It was a game in which many a stable boy had won the price of a new outfit, including patent leather shoes and a five-dollar hat. And it also was a game in which those same things could be quickly lost, and often were. Once in a while a razor came into play. Almost anything might happen—and frequently did. It was all a colorful part of that great national institution, the American livery stable.

Next in interest to Zeke was Tom Hicks. If we think of the stable of twenty years ago, we must think of Tom as the saloonkeeper across the alley, but if we think of the uplifted days of the last ten years we find that Tom has become a bootlegger. He is the same old Tom, with the same old air of fellowship and the same watery smile. It is said that he is his own best customer, drinking long and often from a white jug with a dark ring about the neck, a corncob for a stopper, and a brand of moonshine inside which has been known to make men do strange things. Poor old Tom! He will lie in a wet grave.

The town barber was a member of the circle, although hardly in the same social position as the bootlegger and the poker player. He was suffered to be a member because he regularly brought around last week's copy of The Police Gazette with its pictures of beautiful ladies in bareback attire and husky gentlemen with careers in the ring. Once The Gazette wrote up the barber, printing his picture with a comb behind his ear and a big gold ring around a black string of a necktie. He had on one of those open face collars and a wide smile, and the headline said that he was the "Leading Tonsorialist and Cornetist of Turnerville." That write-up rather impressed his confrères at the stable and so he stayed on as a member in fair standing, although the smell of bay rum which he brought along with him was a little foreign to the stable.

Another member of about the same status was the town wit, who came armed with the latest story, usually late in the sense that it had been told for many years. In some places where the town wit was not persona grata his place was taken by the town dude, dressed in a fashion to make country maidens stare. He wore a rakish felt hat on one side of his head, with the hair on the other side curled like that of a show-girl in the old-time lithographs.

A handkerchief with a colored border peeped from his coat pocket, and a heavy gold watch chain was his special pride. If we throw in a pair of yellow shoes, perhaps a fancy walking stick, and a necktie of brilliant plumage, we get a fair notion of the small town dude when our livery stables were in their prime. Of course, he did not really belong to the circle. It was too strongly and obstreperously masculine. He just flitted about the outer fringe, was permitted to lose his money in the poker games, and tolerated as a sort of butt for all jokes. More largely he stayed because Colonel Taylor would not let the others run him off. The Colonel was queer that way.

And there just had to be a tenor for the quartet, without which no stable quite achieved the fullness of its glory. Zeke Smith was the bass, the dude had a quavering tenor, one of the clerks over in the general store sang alto, and Henry Dinwiddie, who worked in the Post Office, could sing anything.

They would foregather in the twilight, and often keep at it until most folks had gone to bed. And the songs they sang! There were the "Spanish Cavalier," with its heart-touching melody; "say, darling, say, when I'm far away, that sometimes you will think of me, dear." And the "Little Brown Jug." And "Long, Long Ago." And "Suwanee River." And "Old Black Joe." Ah, those songs!

The melodies changed when camp-meeting time came around. The passer-by in the alley might hear, floating from the second floor window on the evening air, "The old-time religion was good enough for father and it's good enough for me." Or perhaps his ear would be greeted with that noble hymn, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." Or it might be "In the sweet by and by we shall meet on that beautiful shore."

There were many lesser and greater lights flickering in the stable circle from time to time—drummers, for instance, who hired rigs for trips to distant country stores and were ever ready to take a hand at poker or a turn at the jug. They were fat, jolly chaps, who knew everybody, and laughed their way to a salary and expense account as fat as themselves. Then there were traveling horse traders, lean, hawk-eyed fellows, who came to town with a drove of horses and put them up in Colonel Taylor's stable for a sale on Saturday. They were crafty gamblers and hard drinkers, men nobody cared to cross. There was something sinister about them. Even Colonel Taylor felt their influence. With their coming he used to sink into a silence of the deadly sort, "turning his chair at the stable door so he could see both ways from the gray eyes, which then took on their icy look.

Still other kinds and degrees of men helped to make up the social institution of our livery stables. Generally the man who ran the meat market had a fondness for horses and a weakness for poker. Sometimes the druggist was an expert at both. Often the undertaker was a large patron of the bootlegger. No matter who went to Colonel Taylor's place, nor at what hour, day or night, he was certain to find there an open page of life, a drama on which the automobile would seem in a fair way toward ringing down the curtain for the last time.

If the reader does not remember, just let him fancy what a peek at this company meant to the small boy emerging from the swimming hole ago. Such a boy would gingerly turn up the alley and go by Colonel Taylor's stable on the far side, because Jerry had orders to keep boys out. There was always a chance that besides, Colonel Taylor said, the brats were in the way—worse than the dogs and chickens.

But it was a privilege just to pass by on the other side and see the men gathered there. It took a mighty brave boy to look up as he went along, because Colonel Taylor had an eye which looked right through a fellow. And the Colonel always seemed to know that every little boy who walked through the alley would have given his chance of Paradise just to go inside and mix with the horses and dogs. The Colonel had been known, on rare occasions, to call some boy and give him a big red apple out of his pocket. And there was a legend of sundry nickels and dimes tossed to the boy so favored by fortune as to fetch the Colonel a plug of his choice tobacco. Once in a while, when the Colonel had driven off somewhere on horse business, Jerry would let a few boys come in on one pretext or another. And those were red letter days in the history of any town's boyhood.

But another stage soon followed, when the bare-legged boy put on long pants and blossomed forth into the dignity of having a girl. That was when he first really became acquainted with Colonel Taylor on anything like an equal basis. It took a good deal of courage, even though one did have on pants which reached the shoe tops, to accost Colonel Taylor and, looking in those keen, appraising eyes, make known that he wanted to hire a buggy and "the best" horse for Sunday afternoon. Perhaps the Colonel was not so severe as small boys imagined, for he always seemed to understand and would ask with a twinkle in his eye if "Bud" really knew how to drive a horse. That, of course, brought a flush to Bud's face, when the Colonel would smile outright and say that he guessed it would be all right.

Then came the great Sunday afternoon when Bud first entered the stable on an official call. The Colonel would call Jerry and there would be a great business of getting out a buggy and hitching up a horse. And Jerry would turn the front wheels to one side so Bud could mount to the seat. On receiving the reins it was customary to contribute a dime to the black hand of Jerry.

The test was to drive out of the stable with the air of a professional, the horse's head reined away up as he stepped forth with a dash in the best Taylor manner. It took presence of mind to turn down the alley without running over anybody and then to go cantering along the highroad to Nellie's house. How proud Nellie was when she saw Bud coming in a real Taylor rig, to take her for a ride. And what a fluttering of hearts there was as Bud and Nellie swept by other houses where other Buds and Nellies kept company on the front porch, or got a glance at them from the parlor window.

But our livery stables are passing, if they have not already passed. The Colonel Taylors of yesterday are pretty old men now, such of them as still hold out against the encroaching automobile. Soon we will have no more livery stables unless something is done to uphold this most typical of American institutions. By just that much the boyhood of the race will be made poorer.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US

(Continued from Page 2)

Whatever disagreements these various peoples may have in their various opinions of us, they are united in their admiration of our jazz. We have not conquered them with our dollar so much as with our jazz. In every European capital, including Moscow, the natives are doing the two-step and fox-trot to American jazz. They are humming our jazz. They prate of the shimmy but can't—except the Russian gypsy who shimmied long before we ever did. They talk of the Chicago and the Camel's Walk.

There is one thing that they are just as whole-souled about—but this time it's not to our credit. In fact, if you would consult them, very much to our discredit.

American women are too independent. And the men wait on them when they should be waiting on the men.

"Why, your men carry all the baggage," one portly German exclaimed in wrath.

French, Italian, Russian, with Austrians just a faint echo, expressed a similar annoyance with us. All of them would have Americans do as the Capriane do. On the sunlit isle of Capri, just across the Bay of Naples, the men sit in the public square and spit and talk while the women carry not only their baggage but the baggage of the visiting tourists. On their heads the ladies of Capri balance steamer trunks at so much a trunk. The men don't even murmur encouragement.

To a less intensified degree, this is true all over Europe. The women receive no favors in the matter of portioning out labor. The European men cannot understand the stupidity—or is it cowardice?—of their American brothers who let the American women "make them small."

Then again, they think we're a pretty poor bunch because we drink water and like it. The French and Italians are still pussling their heads over our Iron constitutions.

"You drink the water always and never the wine," they ask, "but you are not ill, of a truth?"

The Germans wonder why we don't drink beer.

The Russians would have us drink tea or kvass. But who ever heard of drinking water?

Many of the Europeans with whom I have talked have declared that they would never go to a country that had prohibition.

Paris alone says that our women dress alike.

"You have no individuality in your dress," charges Paris. "Your women appear like so many dummies. Tweed suits, fur choker, little hat over the right eye—and there you have the American ladies when they first come to Paris."

The European opinion of us as creators and contributors to the arts can be expressed by a minus zero. They all believe that we write no books worth reading; we paint no pictures worth seeing; we compose no music worth hearing.

What we can do well, even if they have no direct bearing on civilization, should you consult those across the Atlantic, are:

Jazz,
The Charlie Chaplin
And the Dollar.
So be it!

STREET MARKET, MARSEILLES

Drawn by Esther Brock Bird

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, BOSTONIAN

(Continued from Page 8)

you if you can give me two or three forenoons."

These sittings were arranged without difficulty.

A very human little story is associated with the portrait of the late Daniel Nolan, which now hangs in the permanent collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art at Washington.

Nolan, an expert restorer of old paintings, and a painter of sorts himself, received one day from Mr. Sargent a portrait which he had made years before of Frederick P. Vinton, a fellow-artist. The painting had cracked badly. It needed to be restored. This work Dan Nolan did, efficiently, as always, and then, when he delivered the painting, he refused to take payment.

"It is a service from one great artist to another," he remarked lightly.

This spirit of fellowship pleased Mr. Sargent immensely. At dinner with friends a little later he remarked that since Dan would not be paid in money he must manage to reward him in some other way.

"Why don't you do his portrait?" suggested a woman painter who was in the conversation. "He has a very interesting head."

"Do you think he would care for it?" asked Mr. Sargent anxiously.

"He would certainly treasure nothing more."

So it proved. When, however, the painter of titled personages proposed to Daniel Nolan to make a charcoal sketch for a keepsake he promptly received a nervy counter-proposal. Wouldn't he just as soon paint a portrait?

"Don't you like my charcoals?" asked the painter suspiciously.

"You know, Mr. Sargent, that I love them," was the quick-witted reply. "I am thinking of my descendants and keeping your picture for them to enjoy. You see, my wife and I are both Irish, and at home we often have family discussions. Now, if she threw her shoe at me and it went through your charcoal drawing, that would be spoiled forever; but if it just dented an oil painting I could fix it up as well as I did the Vinton."

Mr. Sargent, amused by this ingenious request, arranged to paint Nolan's portrait upon his return from a trip to Florida.

In the interim Dan Nolan had a chance to convey some information waggishly to a wealthy and consequential gentleman who for years had been hoping to achieve his ambition of being painted by Sargent. This man came one day into the gallery where the restorer was employed and said:

"Mr. Nolan, I understand that you are somewhat in touch with Mr. Sargent. Can you tell me anything about his whereabouts and engagements?

"Why yes," replied Dan Nolan mischievously. "I happen to know that he is at Palm Beach painting Mr. John D. Rockefeller. On the way back he will stop off at Washington to paint President Wilson. Then he will come to Boston to paint me."

During the few remaining months of his life Nolan told to many a listener the story of his experiences at Mr. Sargent's studio, where the spotting of his portrait was deftly wiped out of a mass of wet paint with a rag and the Celtic features of the portrait now at Washington almost breathed upon blank passages thus created. Sargent's smiling stitter was even then facing death, for about that time he was discovered to have the cancer of the stomach from which, not long after, he perished.

If Sargent becomes one of the great classics, as most Englishmen think he will, while some Frenchmen and Americans think he won't, his future biographers will seek personalia that concern him at Gloucester as well as at Boston. The remarkable collection of Sargentiana that has been amassed at the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house in the old fishing port gives a vivid sense of the ancestral background of this cosmopolitan artist. Most of the fine Colonial houses still standing in Middle Street were built for men of the name of Sargent, sea captains and merchants, with a tribal reputation for efficiency and direct honesty. Mementos of these Sargents have been diligently collected by the association which has in charge the house once inhabited by the founder of Universalism in the United States.

At the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house the large space given to early drawings by John Singer Sargent and to photographic reproductions of his principal works helps to impress his genealogy upon the casual visitor. He is, as one learns at Gloucester, a great-great-great-grandson of Captain Winthrop Sargent and a great-great-grandson of Colonel Epes Sargent, both leading men of Gloucester in Colonial and Revolutionary days. The latter ancestor, owner of ships and wharf property, built a remarkably fine mansion at the corner of Main and Duncan Streets. Among his children was Fitzwilliam Sargent, who inherited the manor house and the wharfage and who passed these on to his son, Winthrop Sargent. The latter, starting as a prosperous and much-beloved merchant, was nearly wiped out during the national financial stringency that began in 1829, and in 1834 he sold all his Gloucester equities and moved to Philadelphia. There he re-established himself in business and educated his son Fitzwilliam as a physician. Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent married Miss Mary Newbold of an old Philadelphia family. Their only son, born abroad, in the most celebrated living representative of the Gloucester Sargents.

However posterity may regard Mr. Sargent, New England is evidently gambling on his persistent fame. When the Sargent mural decorations for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are finished, another big decorative undertaking awaits him in Boston if he cares to enter upon it. In many families of the Back Bay his portraits, whether in oil or charcoal, are cherished along with the Copleys and Blackburns of earlier facture. The water colors, which represent the amiable diversion of a great artist, cannot usually be bought from private owners for twice the price of a thousand dollars which the painter customarily puts upon them.

The museums of Boston and Worcester, like those of Manhattan and Brooklyn, have big blocks of these aquarelles, and they will normally increase their holdings in the years to come. Elsewhere than in Boston there may be doubt about the wisdom of large investments in Sargents. The New York attitude toward his work has generally been cool and critical, whether you talk with academicians or with radicals. In Paris, President Millerand, surveying the Homer-Sargent-Mac-knight exhibition of last Spring, is said to have remarked: "C'est beau, but c'est un peau mince," and Henner, one of Sargent's personal friends among the French, is quoted as saying: "We must admit that at present Sargent has no vogue whatever in Paris."

Even from England, where the Sargent legend has been established most firmly, one may occasionally read a scathing indictment of "Mr. Sargent, the arch corrupter of modern portrait painters in this matter of blatant objectivity." Boston, among cities of the world, has simple-mindedly accepted Mr. Sargent as indubitably a great master—at least that very small section of Boston whose people know of his existence.

THE NEW TOWERS OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 5)

the Bush Tower could be built today, however, on account of the zoning laws. Today in building on such narrow streets it is not allowed to carry the building up to a great height over the whole area, but after a certain point it must be set back, and only a limited portion of the lot may be covered by a tower of indefinite height. Now when it is desired to build high and secure the largest accommodations allowed by law, a new type of tower building is created, intermediate between the Bankers on the one hand and the buildings with slender "advertising" towers like the Woolworth and the Standard on the other.

The most conspicuous example of this new type is the Shelton, the vast new bachelor hotel at Lexington Avennue and Forty-ninth Street. With its thirty-two stories, it is claimed for it that it has "the highest residence floors in the world"—indeed, that it is "the tallest hotel in the world." Without presuming to verify these American superlatives, we may admire the masterly way in which Arthur Loomis Harmon, the architect, has built up his receding masses into the vast central tower. The west face of this tower, even in the upper part, is about two-thirds as long as the whole front, and its area is very considerable. Up to the twenty-first floor it is still larger, and up to the fifteenth there are solid bastions. The whole effect is thus very massive, and yet is not heavy. The mere height alone helps to prevent this, and the height has been skillfully accented by the files of windows in tall shallow recesses.

As the building sets back on all four sides, it has no unsightly party walls, and is presentable from every direction, although, perhaps, the views of the narrower face of her tower from up and down Lexington Avenue are its most picturesque aspects. The long wing to Forty-eight Street is rather an excrescence, but it has its advantage under the measuring rules in permitting enlargement of the tower. The great gymnasium at the top of the tower has made possible a special treatment there with large windows, a good fortune which the ordinary uniform office or apartment building cannot have. The sloping roof over the final stage crowns the whole effectively, and at the same time houses the tanks and elevator houses which are often such unsightly afterthoughts. The view over the rooftops has been held to prove that New York is a "tank town." At least a few architects are determined that it shall not remain one if they can help it.

Another new tower of notice, though not a very high one, is the National Fraternity Clubs Building on Murray Hill. Its merit lies in the realization that there are many other schemes for towers besides the hackneyed ones, and other forms for masses besides the cubical. These truths seem obvious, yet habit makes the obvious always hard to recapture. It took the Zoning law to teach us that buildings could have a variety of massing, although this intriguing possibility had been equally open all the time before. This variety of massing, we now may begin to see, need not be limited to what might be secured with alphabet building blocks. There are also the octagon and the circle, at least.

To those who had eyes to see, McKim, Mead & White said this with emphasis in their Municipal Tower some years ago, and there have been other examples, like the Fifth Avenue Hospital. In the Fraternity Clubs Murgatroyd & Ogden, disciples of Mr. Harmon, have used the octagon skillfully to mediate between the corner bastions below and the great loggia which forms the chief crown. Old Romanesque churches of Lombardy have furnished the suggestion, which has been freely interpreted to meet the different conditions.

We cannot doubt that all this is only the beginning. Once the architects have thought of their buildings as a whole, in sun and shadow, against the sky, as they now have, the mountainous sculptured masses must take on ever added beauty. Great art, so people say, must be impersonal, the fruit of collective effort with each man standing on the shoulders of all his predecessors. If this be indeed true, let us be of good hope for architecture in America. Before our own eyes we see going forward a vast collective evolution in which many share and in which each advance becomes the heritage to all who have the wit. We need not prophesy the course of this evolution to predict with confidence that its fecundity in beautiful forms is far from spent.

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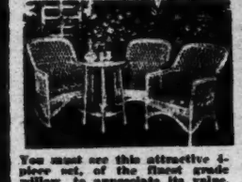

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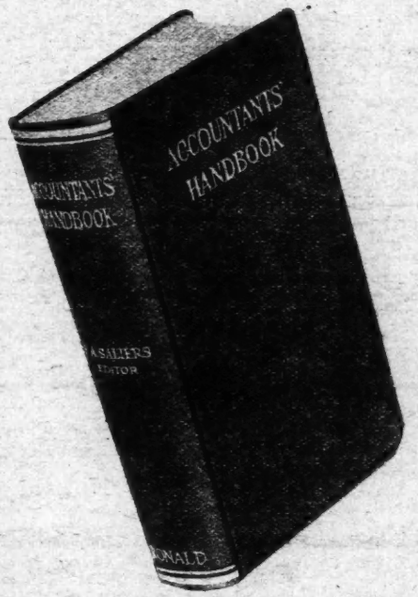

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